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JUNE 2013

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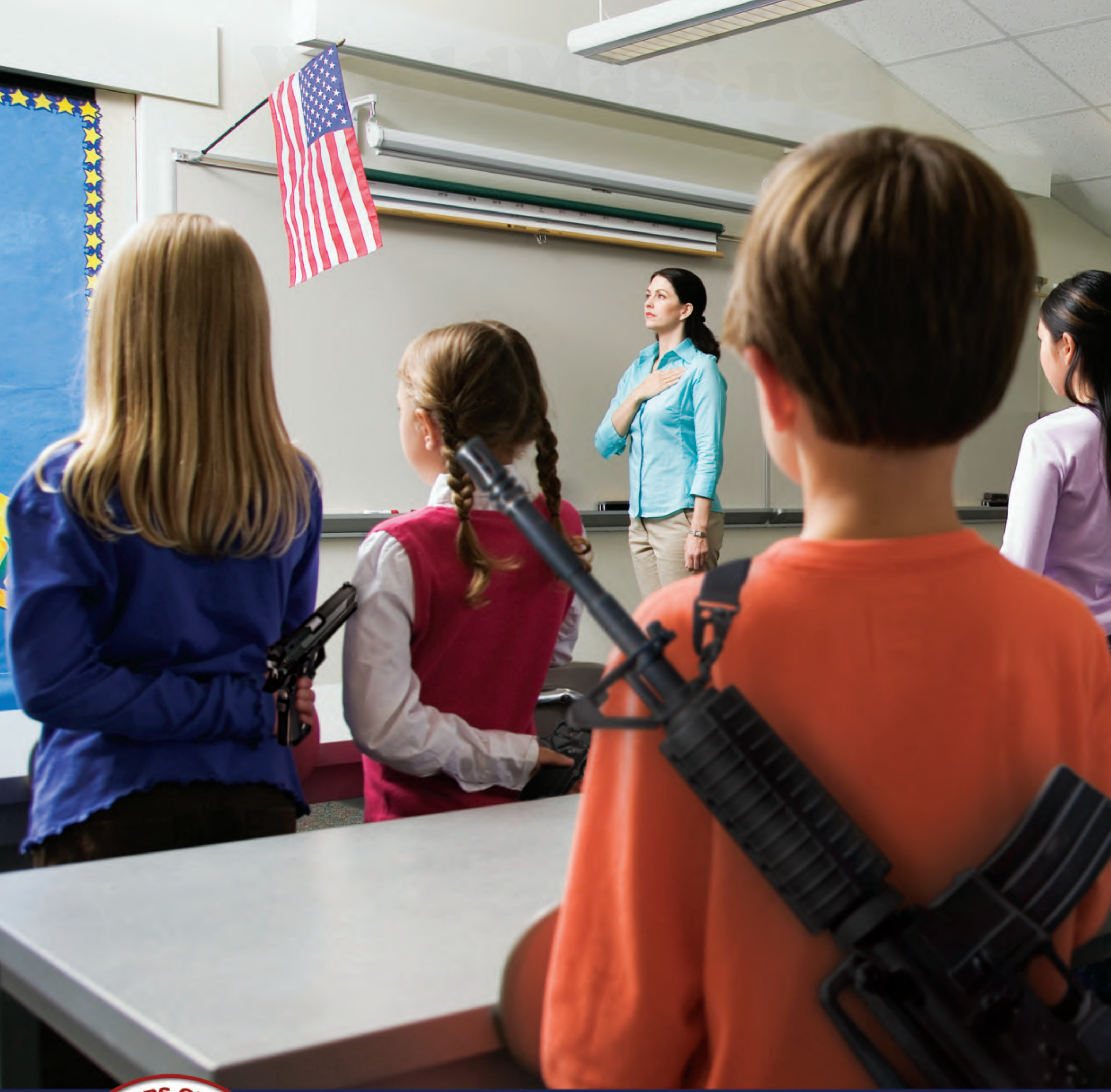
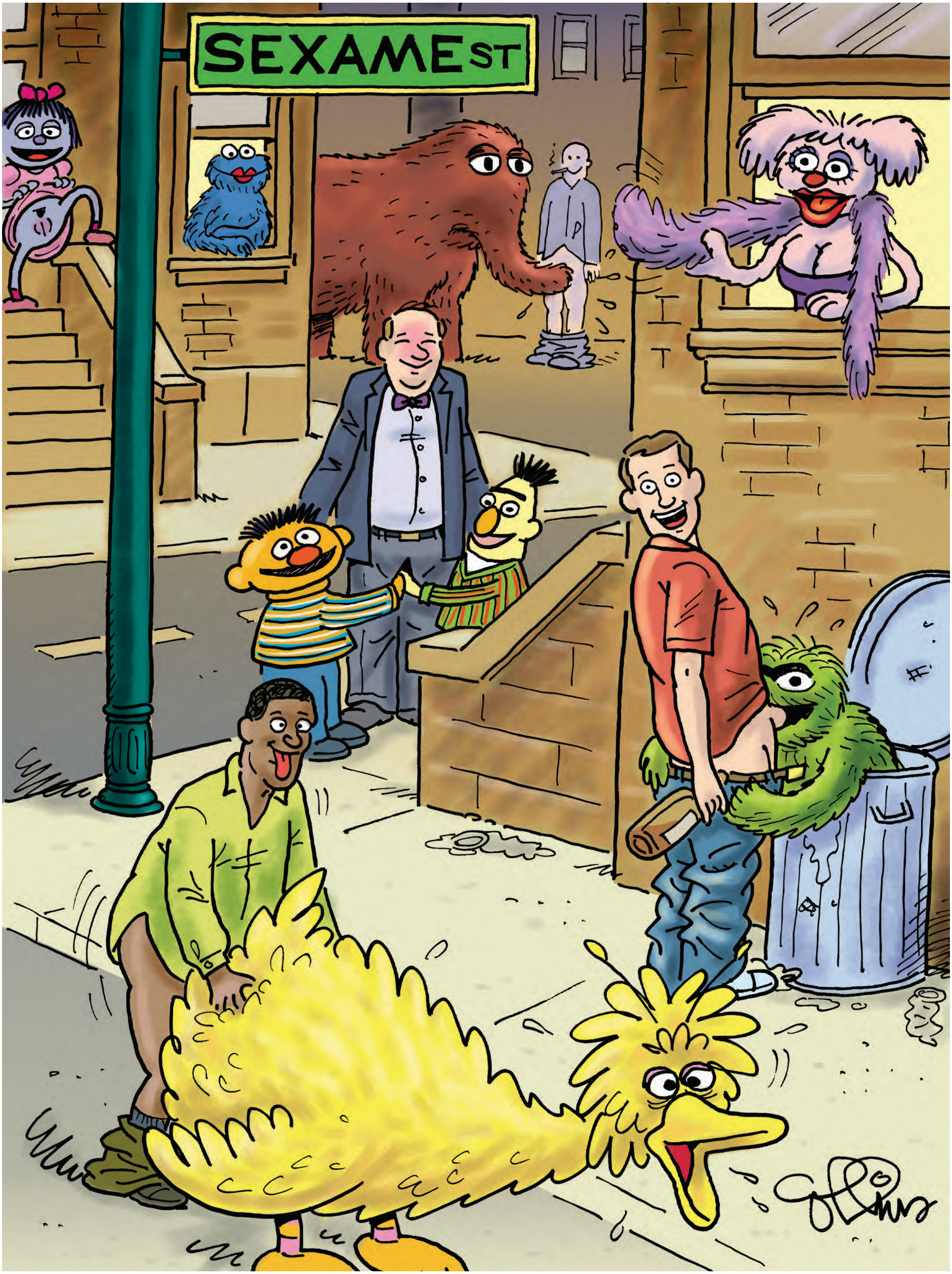


GUN OWNERS OF AMERICA

“A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the ~~people~~ children to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.”

A child’s life is precious. Unfortunately, parents can’t always be there to protect their kids. But a gun can. That’s why the GOA backs legislation that would put a gun into every American child’s hands on his or her first day of kindergarten. Because, for us, it’s a no-brainer: The only way to keep children safe is to get *more* guns into our schools.

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary on the Gun Owners of America, an organization that was quick to exploit the Sandy Hook school shooting for its own political gain. In the wake of the tragedy, the GOA criticized the National Rifle Association (NRA) for being soft and called for the elimination of “gun-free zones” like those that exist in many of our nation’s schools. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.



"Of course, the Republicans wanted to shut this whole thing down."

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LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

JUNE 2013 VOLUME 39 NUMBER 13 HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

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ENTITLEMENTS ARE A RIGHT

Every time the federal government can't get its fiscal house in order, we start hearing about entitlement reform. Republicans in particular like to use that word *entitlement* because it sounds like somebody's getting benefits they don't deserve. Nothing makes the hardworking Joe angrier than people who think they're "entitled" to something.

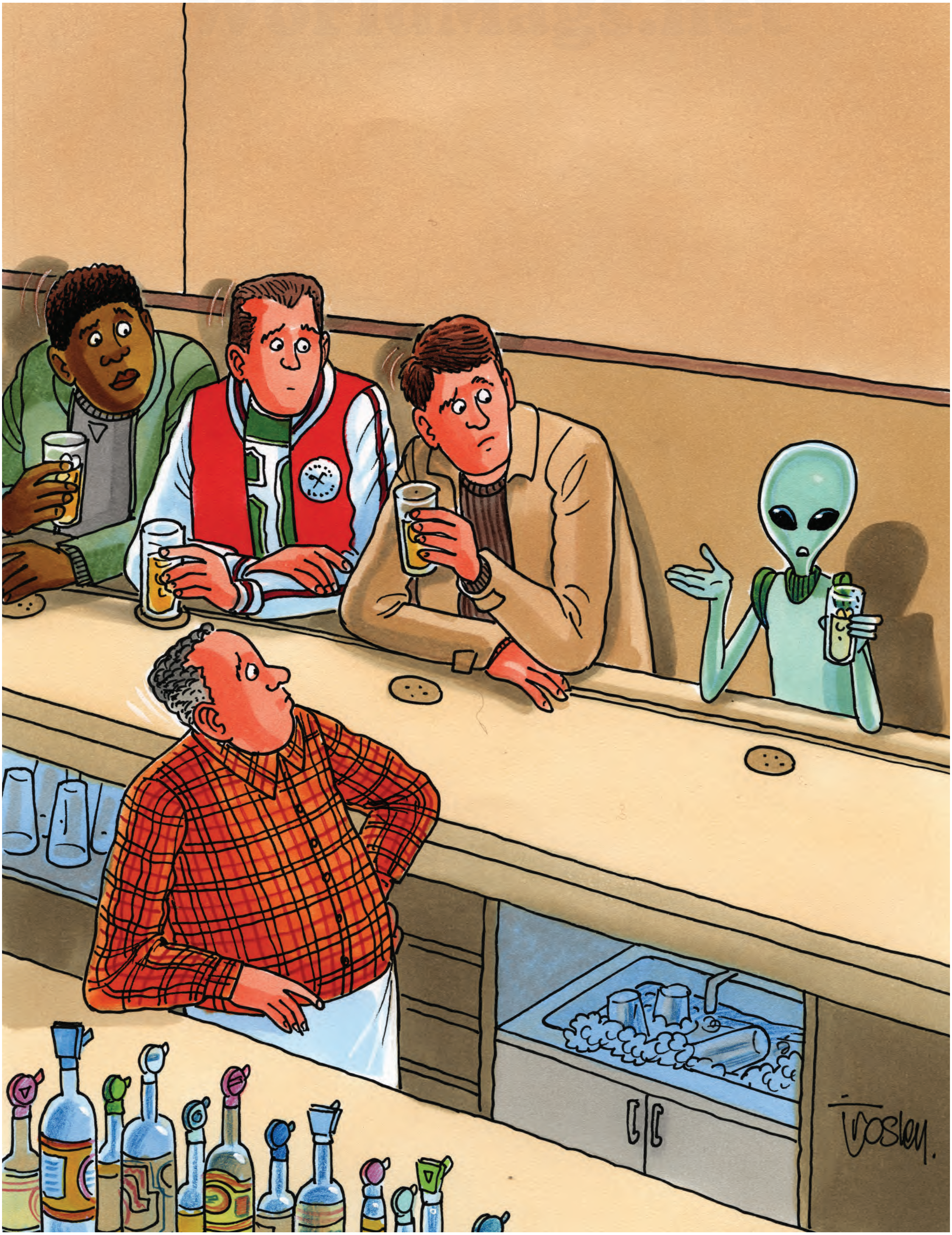
Don't believe the bull. Those so-called entitlements include benefits that Americans worked hard for: Medicaid, housing assistance, student grants, food programs, child care, job training and more. These programs make up the social safety net that keeps the middle-class backbone of our economy strong in tough times.

The only reason politicians on the corporate leash want to slash needed expenditures like these is to protect the huge wealth imbalance that lets the rich get richer while everybody else pays. Instead of extracting the last few cents from the needy, we need to clamp down on greed.

Yes, I'm wealthy, but I remember what it was like to be a regular guy sweating for every dollar. And I know that most people aren't going to get rich no matter how hard they work. That doesn't mean the government shouldn't keep up its end of the bargain. A 21st-century nation that lets its citizens slide into poverty and deprives its children of opportunity is taking a backward approach to history.

Don't buy the right-wing, Tea Party nonsense that "entitlements" are a luxury we can't afford. They're a legal right and a basic necessity for a civilized America.

Larry Flynt
Publisher



“So after the greedy fuckin’ financial sector destroyed the monetary system of my planet, I left and came here…”

GREEDONOMICS

A WHITE PAPER ON A DELUSIONAL VOTING BLOC AND CITIGROUP'S STRATEGY TO MAKE THE SUPER-RICH RICHER

Let me tell you how screwed we are. Better yet, let me once again quote my favorite economist, the late Beatle John Lennon. I've frequently cited the words he sang in "Working Class Hero" because they make the most salient point concerning our devastated economy: *"A working class hero is something to be/Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV/And you think you're so clever and classless and free/But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see."*

He's singing about you white guys, the peasants who voted for the Republicans in such sufficient numbers that they kept control of the House of Representatives, preventing the Democrats from legislating any but the slightest increase in a taxation system designed to make the rich richer. The most that President Obama could get passed, even after winning a second term, was an insignificant tax increase on the super-rich families earning more than $450,000 a year. That and a lousy 5% increase on the capital-gains profits from gambits that allowed GOP candidate Mitt Romney to pay 14% on his many millions in income while lesser souls were paying upwards of 35% on their hard-earned labor in the real world.

The richest of the rich, like the Koch brothers, bought your vote with hysterical appeals to your most primitive and therefore distorted instinct of self-preservation based on a false notion of one's own class position. Most white guys who vote Republican are big losers in today's economy, but they still think of themselves as middle-class winners. They make up a majority of those with underwater mortgages and foreclosed homes, and they are denied once widely available decent-paying jobs with medical coverage. But they still believe that when Uncle Sam invades some country with oil, they will benefit. They won't.

Want proof? Just Google the "Equity Strategy" reports that Citigroup sent to its richest clients before the great recession hit. Dated October 16, 2005, the first report heralded the new day of the "Plutonomy" that in the United States has replaced the traditional capitalist-based democracy. The USA, the United Kingdom and Canada are now clearly defined as a new form of capitalist political rule—by the rich and for the rich. As the Citigroup report proudly claimed, "the world is dividing into two blocs—the plutonomies, where economic growth is powered by and largely consumed by the wealthy few, and the rest."

The report went on to state: "What are the common drivers of Plutonomy? Disruptive technology-driven productivity gains, creative financial innovation, capitalist-friendly cooperative governments.…"

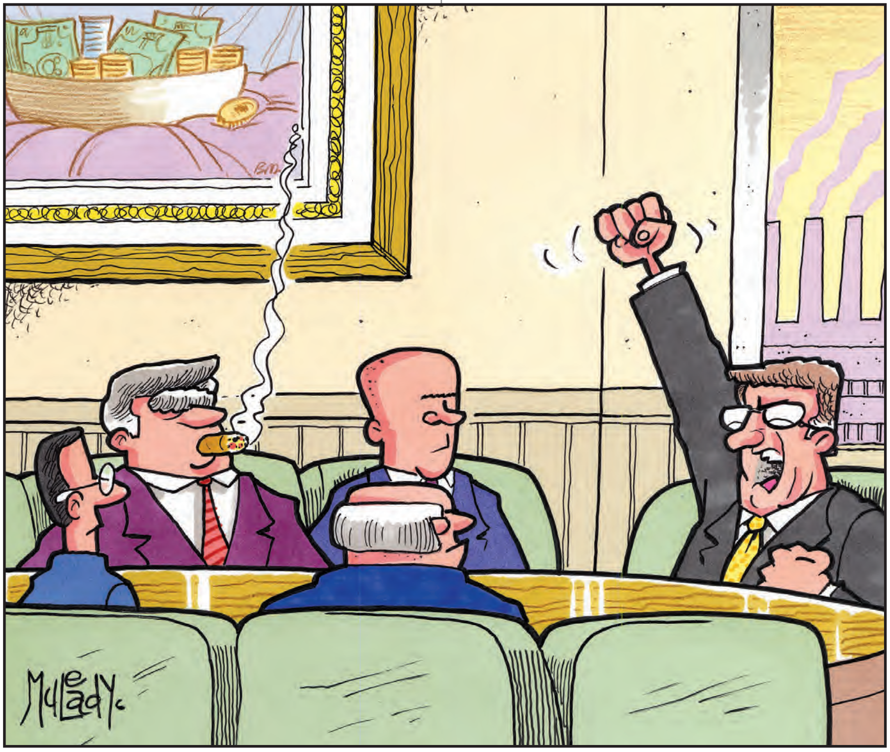
That was written two years before the crash of 2007 ushered in the great recession that wiped out much of the wealth of the middle class. Citigroup was a big player in the financial scams that led to the housing bubble triggering the economic crisis that still haunts us. The Citigroup reports predicted for their most privileged clients exactly what was in store: "We project that the plutonomies…will likely see even more income inequality, disproportionality feeding off a further rise in the profit share in their economies.…"

They nailed it. In a March 5, 2006, report titled "Revisiting Plutonomy: The Rich Getting Richer," Citigroup pronounced: "We think the rich are likely to get even wealthier in the coming years.… Asset booms, a rising profit share and favorable treatment by market-friendly governments have allowed the rich to prosper and become a greater share of the economy in the plutonomy countries."

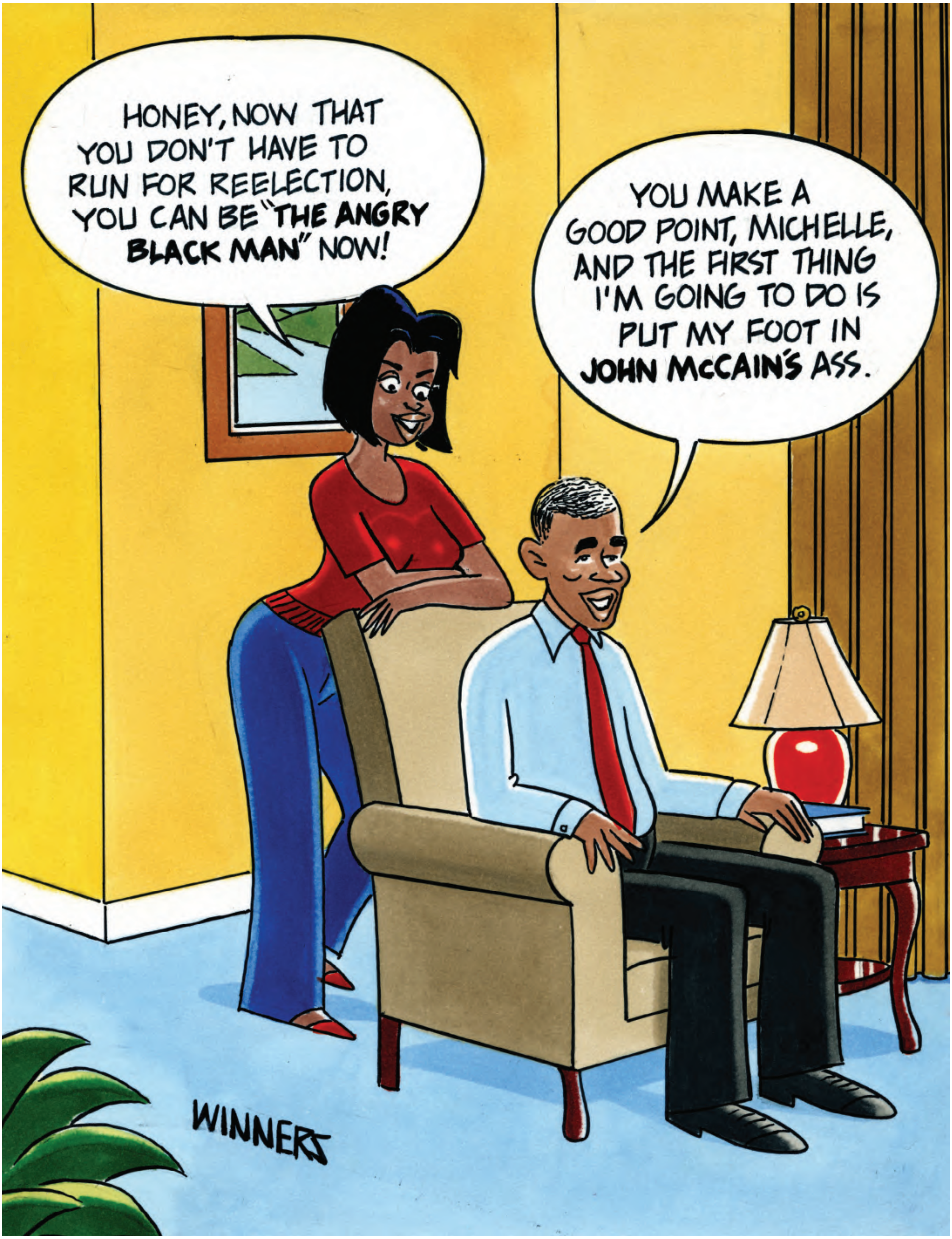
Then the crash hit, enabled by the radical deregulation of Wall Street by the market-friendly U.S. government. While the average homeowner was smashed, that same U.S. government bailed out Citigroup, which packaged its toxic mortgage-based securities. The result has been an increase in the wealth of the super-rich at the expense of just about everyone else.

In 2011 the net worth of the Forbes 400 increased by $200 billion and now totals over $1.5 trillion. The wealth of the richest 1% of Americans is now equal to the total wealth accumulated over a lifetime by the bottom 90%. It is time to deep-six the word *democracy* and acknowledge that a plutonomy is what we have become.

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"That fucker Obama bought the election by giving gifts to all the poor assholes who voted for him! Now all us rich people aren't gonna get the gifts Mitt Romney promised *us* for voting for *him*!"


HONEY, NOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN FOR REELECTION, YOU CAN BE "THE ANGRY BLACK MAN" NOW!
YOU MAKE A GOOD POINT, MICHELLE, AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS PUT MY FOOT IN JOHN McCAIN'S ASS.
WINNERS

RAPING THE BILL OF RIGHTS

YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO BE A SUSPECTED TERRORIST TO BE DATABASED BY THE OBAMA-HOLDER REGIME.

Much to my dismay, I saw little notice, let alone celebrations, around the country on the recent 221st anniversary of the Bill of Rights. Those initial ten amendments to the Constitution guarantee our most essential individual liberties.

But on the occasion the *Wall Street Journal* ran "U.S. Terrorism Agency to Tap a Vast Database of Citizens," a front-page story by Julia Angwin. She reported that Attorney General Eric Holder—without a peep of protest from President Obama—signed rules that "now allow the little-known National Counterterrorism Center to examine the government files of U.S. citizens for possible criminal behavior, even if there is no reason to suspect them. That is a departure from past practice."

So much for due process and the Fourth Amendment's guarantee of privacy. Moreover, Angwin noted, "The agency has new authority to keep data about innocent U.S. citizens for up to five years and to analyze it for suspicious patterns of behavior. Previously, both were prohibited." And if that wasn't enough to shock Thomas Jefferson and James Madison in their graves, "The changes also allow databases of U.S. civilian information to be given to foreign governments for analysis of their own." For future crimes by us.

But why now snatch the very heart of the Bill of Rights and throw it into the incinerator? You must have guessed why, and the *Wall Street Journal* was on it: "Under the new rules issued in March [2012]," Angwin reported, "the National Counterterrorism Center, known as NCTC, can obtain almost any database the government collects that it says is 'reasonably believed' to contain 'terrorism information.' The list could potentially include almost any government database, from financial forms submitted by people seeking federally backed mortgages to the health records of people who sought treatment at Veterans Administration hospitals."

"Reasonably believed?" By what criteria? And will those "suspicious" people even know they're in one of these databases, which could conceivably stigmatize them for the rest of their lives? And since all of this is done secretly, these citizens will have no chance to defend themselves.

Did you know about this "forced retirement" of our Constitution? One former senior administration official told Angwin that it's "breathtaking" in its scope. Of course, he didn't reveal his name. And where was the rest of the media? I saw little about this elsewhere.

I have more questions on this sudden flashing red light vis-à-vis what has been eroding this self-governing republic's very reason for being since 9/11: In how many of our classrooms have future voters been told about how Obama and Holder—along with Bush and Cheney before them—have wholly betrayed their oath of office to protect the Constitution? And if there have been any discussions, how many students or teachers are concerned about or even sensitive to what this country is turning into?

In one of the few other coverage's of this rape of the Bill of Rights, *Wired* magazine posted on its website an article titled "Attorney General Secretly Granted Gov. Ability to Develop and Store Dossiers on Innocent Americans." Author Kim Zetter pointed out that "the request to expand the [National Counterterrorism] center's powers led to a heated debate at the White House and the Department of Homeland Security, with Mary Ellen Callahan—then-chief privacy officer for the Department of Homeland Security—leading the charge to defend civil liberties. Callahan argued that the new rules represented a 'sea change' and that every interaction a citizen would have with the government in the future would be ruled by the underlying question, is that person a terrorist?

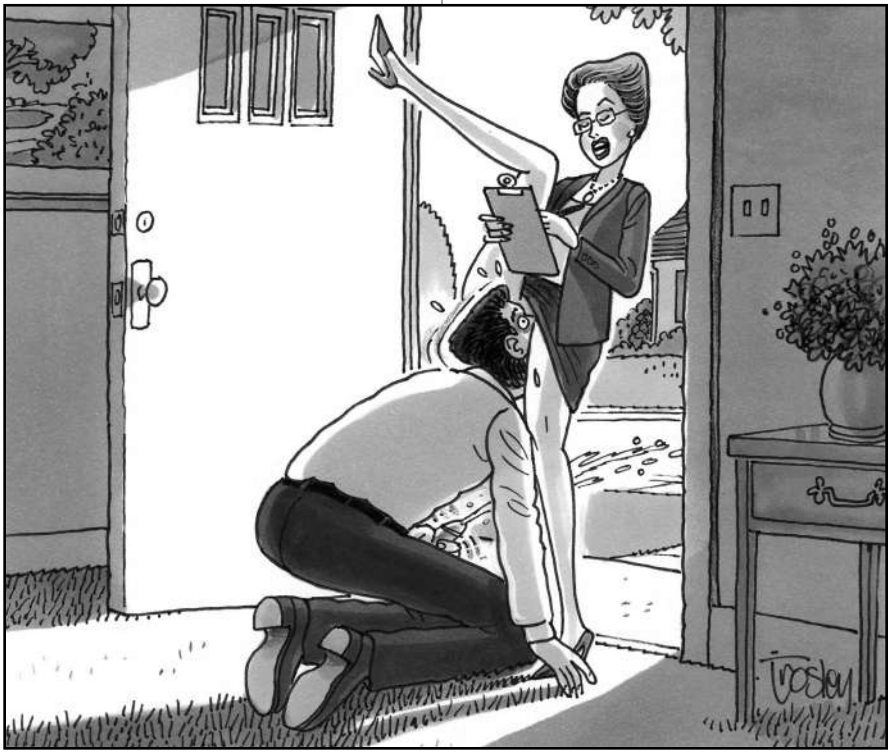
"Callahan lost her battle, however, and subsequently left her job, though it's not known if her struggle over the NCTC debate played a role in her decision to leave."

Have there been any related resignations from the Obama Administration, whose blatant disregard for privacy is making America more like China and Iran than what used to be an admired land of liberty?

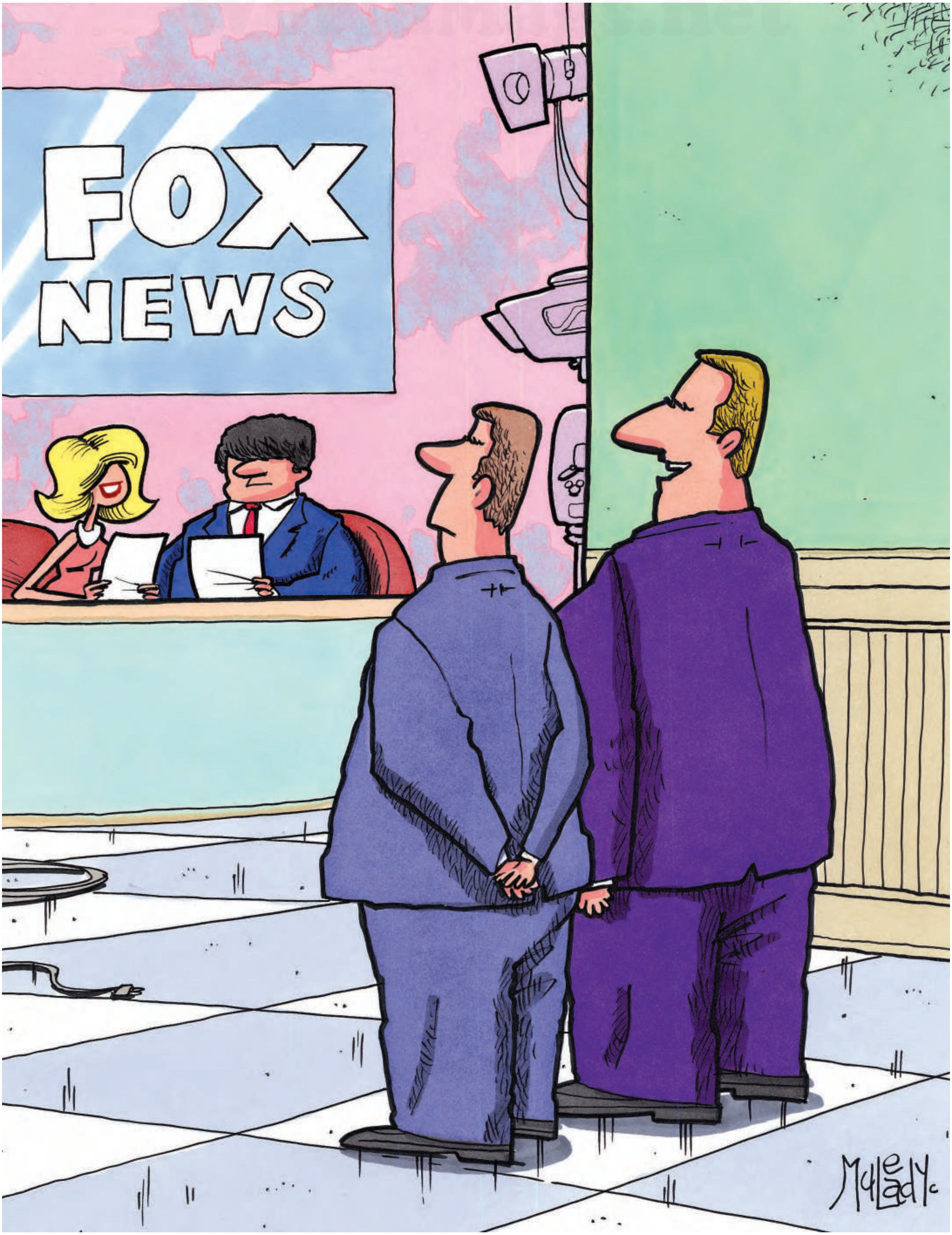
I'm intensely interested in whether there have been any classroom or workplace debates on this throttling of who we are. Then again, how many Americans even remember who we're supposed to be?

If Eric Holder hasn't already added me to one of his lists of "suspicious" citizens, I expect he already knows my address.

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.

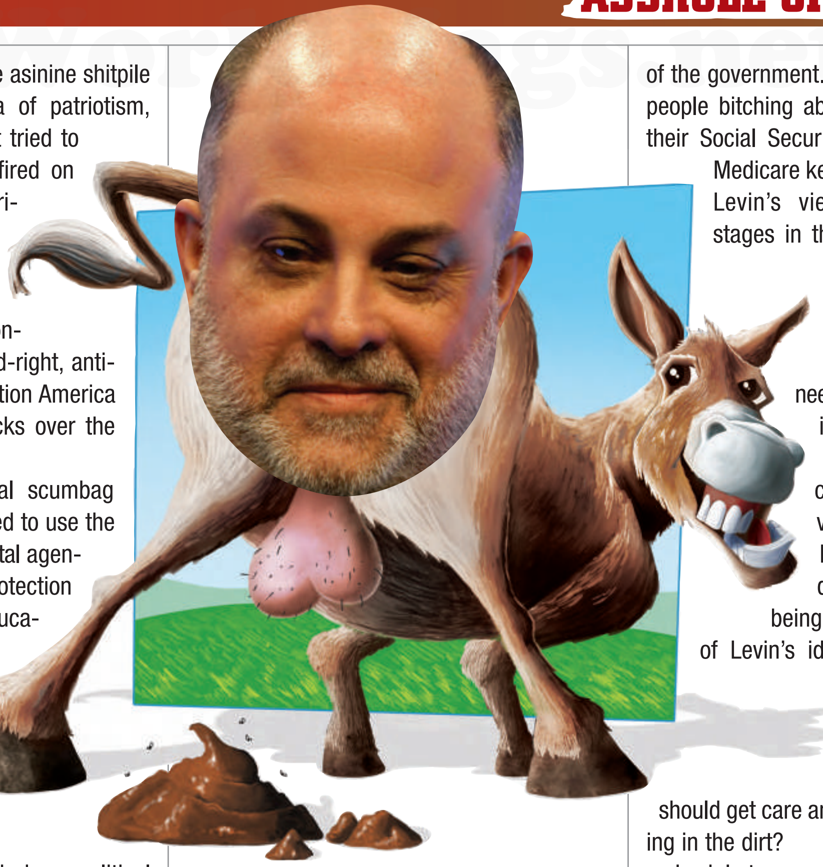


"And finally, do you find the taste of a strange woman's vagina to be *pleasant*, *unpleasant* or *no opinion*?"


FOX
NEWS
McLeady

“Abraham Lincoln said, ‘You can’t fool all of the people all of the time,’
but he never met our ignorant, gullible, dumbshit audience.”

MARK R. LEVIN



This month's addition to the asinine shitpile has such a twisted idea of patriotism, he'd sue the government if it tried to regulate fireworks that backfired on kids. As president of the notorious Landmark Legal Foundation, Mark R. Levin has positioned himself as the new ideologue behind the conservative push for a new hard-right, anti-liberal, anti-union, anti-regulation America that rimjobs the rich and fucks over the rest of us.

Levin is the quintessential scumbag lawyer. His foundation has tried to use the courts to shut off funding for vital agencies like the Environmental Protection Agency and the National Education Association, claiming they're political organs in disguise. In 2007 Landmark nominated an actual corrupt organ, Rush Limbaugh, for a Nobel Peace Prize. No shit.

As a talk-radio pit bull and phony political theorist himself, Levin has carefully cultivated the fine art of name-calling like a connoisseur of fertilizer, mixing shitheel meanness and academic euphemism to make his turd blossoms bloom. His rantings range from lazy sub-Rickles insult humor like calling Hillary Clinton "her thighness" and redubbing NOW the "National Organization of Ugly Women" to beard-stroking characterizations of "the Modern Liberal" as a "statist."

What the fuck is a statist? Well, reading Levin, it would seem to be anyone who doesn't hate the federal government as much as he does. Levin's into the all-or-nothing mindset, so thinking the federal "state" might be good for something—like helping those who need it or stopping corporations from wrecking the planet we live on—is the same as worshipping it like a drooling, dead-eyed cult member. That's why he picked a word that sounds like Satanist. Ain't he clever?

It's about as surprising as crap in a toilet that Levin gets his sphincter sucked by Fox News whenever he farts. Need someone to peddle the myth that Obama's tax proposals will hurt everybody and that people earning over $250,000 a year aren't rich? Call Levin. Need a nonscientist science-hater to talk about how global warming is good because it will stop a new Ice Age? Call Levin.

He once infamously spun a report in *Nature* magazine to claim it said "greenhouse gases (like carbon dioxide) could actually be the key to averting the chill," so we should "just leave it alone." Levin left out a key piece of info: The report's authors warned explicitly against warping their words. The "findings do not mean we should stop fighting warming," they emphasized.

The episode was a stark illustration of Levin's favored method: Start with a rickety agenda, then cherry-pick things out of context from people smarter than you to shore it up, leaving out anything that doesn't fit. It's lazy and dishonest, but perfectly in character for this particular donkey's ass.

Levin pulls the same shit in his books, honing it in *Liberty & Tyranny* and bloating it to farcical extremes in his follow-up, *Ameritopia*. Why do we care? Because these books are instant bestsellers and treated like Bibles by the hard right. The Levin gospel is worming its way into our nation's spongiest brains like some sort of mad cow disease.

Behind all of his regurgitations of great thinkers like Plato and Locke, Levin's just another anti-government stooge crapping out the fantasy that the federal government is a big oppressor. Idiots who live on blind anger eat this shit up because it gives them a big target to be mad at. Life sucks because of the government. My wife won't blow me because of the government. But you don't hear a lot of people bitching about the government when their Social Security check arrives or when Medicare keeps them from croaking. In Levin's view, those programs are stages in the "unmaking of America" drafted by evil "masterminds" like Presidents Roosevelt and Johnson.

Levin counters the need for government by claiming that Americans are noble people who angelically blend self-serving individualism with compassion. Leave them alone and they'll do the right thing. Who's being utopian now? How many of Levin's ideal Americans sit in Wall Street's greed-driven boardrooms or in the offices of health insurers deciding on who should get care and who should be left twisting in the dirt?

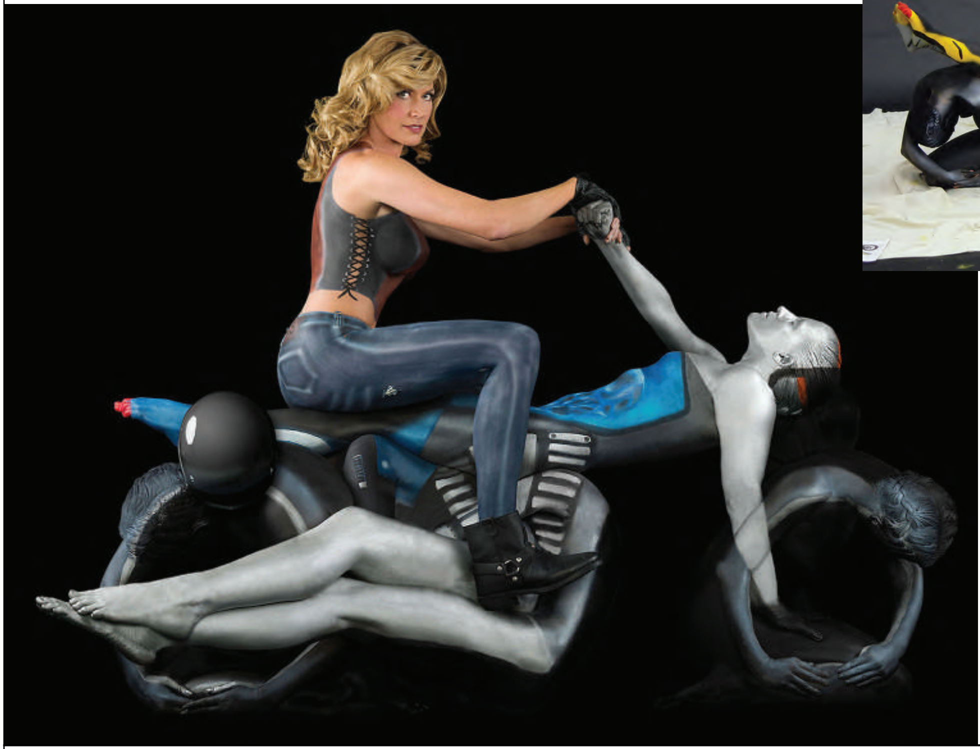
Levin's true assholery lies in making valid points about the dangers of utopian thinking that would apply to any political party or system, then gluing them ineptly to his own anti-liberal platitudes. We all want our government to act like the perfect neighbor: Leave us the fuck alone until we need its help. That's true no matter who the President is. But Levin knows that nonpartisan analysis is headed for the pulp bin the day after it comes out. Spewing angry, lopsided dogma devoid of all nuance? That shit pays all day long.

There are, of course, people who pray for utopia every day. They just have another name for it: heaven. So why isn't *Ameritopia* about the Religious Right's dream of turning this country into an anti-freedom theocracy? Because that isn't Levin's agenda. He writes sentences like "only an army of drones is capable of building a rainbow to paradise." No, he's not talking about Billy Graham's mindless hordes or even crazed Justin Bieber fans. He's talking about people who fight for social causes!

According to Levin, "the Modern Liberal believes in the supremacy of the state, thereby rejecting the principles of the Declaration [of Independence] and the order of the civil society." We've met plenty of liberals, including ourselves. Not one of them would salute "the supremacy of the state."

That is, unless it decides to defund Mark R. Levin by suing his lying balls off. Then we're statists for life!

WATCH THE CURVES



It's hard to deny that motorcycles are a phallic symbol. After all, they're often called "crotch rockets." Trina Merry, an artist based in San Francisco, explored the sexual side of motorcycles in a series of striking pictures that depict choppers formed entirely from the contorted and conjoined bodies of hot chicks. Each bike, which took up to 18 hours to complete, required her nimble models to hold poses for five minutes at a time while hypoallergenic paint was carefully applied to their bare skin. We'd never envied a paintbrush until eyeballing Merry's masterpieces.

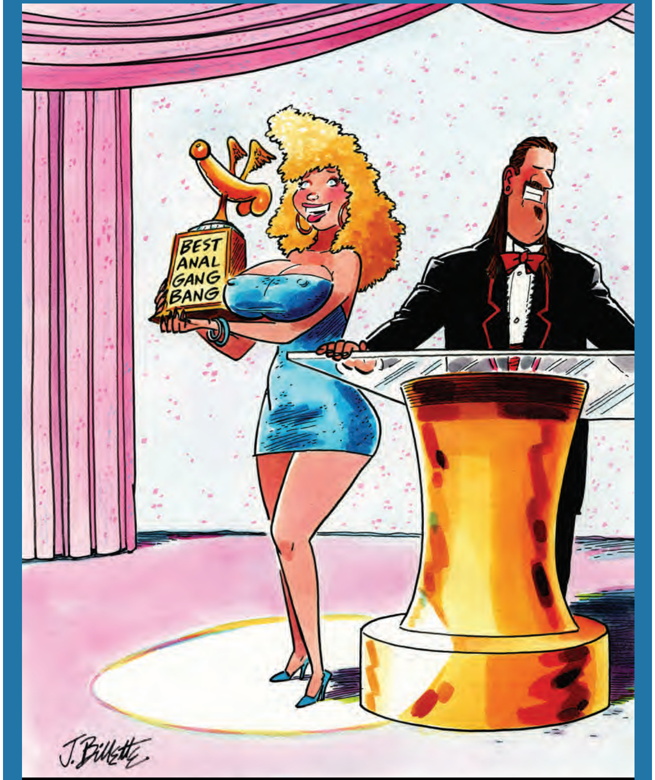
PHOTOS BY CB2/ZOB/WENN.COM/NEWSCOM

"A nymphomaniac is someone who has more sex than you do." **—ALFRED KINSEY, SEX RESEARCHER**

PORN FROM THE PAST

Is there anything more American than the combination of tits and firearms? We understand the recent push for gun control. But if the government ever tries to restrict our Second Amendment right to keep and bear cleavage, it'll have to pry the boobs from our cold, dead hands. Thanks to W.C.G. of Rochester, New York, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"And I want to thank the wonderful surgical team at Valley Hospital for putting my asshole back together!"

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Anna Paquin LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

While just a tyke, Anna Paquin won an Oscar (for *The Piano*), but her portrayal of Sookie Stackhouse in HBO's *True Blood* series has made her a bigger star than ever. Unfortunately, the New Zealand-raised actress still hasn't mastered the Louisiana twang required for the role. HUSTLER wants to offer her a tip: If we recall our theater training properly, the easiest way to sound like you're from Dixie is to insert a dick in your mouth. But, then again, that was our instructor's advice for mastering a German accent too—and for playing Abraham Lincoln. We're starting to wonder about that guy.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Anna Paquin actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

GOING GAGA

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JUNE 1978 $2.25
We will
o longer
ang women
p like
ieces of
neat."
-Larry Flynt

During a concert in Belgium, Lady Gaga gave a visual shout-out to HUSTLER. Paying homage to one of our most controversial covers (June 1978), the pop provocateur climbed headfirst into a fake meat grinder. In our reciprocal tribute to Ms. Gaga, we commuted to work this morning in an enormous plastic egg and spent the day smoking weed and trying on dresses made out of steaks and broken dreams.

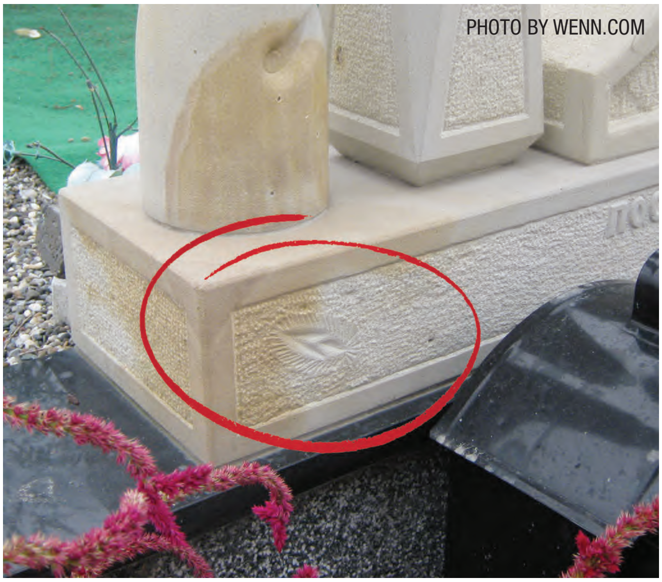


PHOTO BY WENN.COM

TILL SNATCH DO US PART

Before Milan Marinkovic's wife passed away, the Serbian woman requested that a replica of her pretty pussy be engraved into her tombstone. If this becomes a trend, it's obvious who the real winners are: necrophiliacs. Who wants to spend hours exhuming a dead body only to discover the chick had a warty clitoris and a cavernous vagina?

"I always thought of losing my virginity as a career move."—MADONNA, ENTERTAINER

BUM RUSH

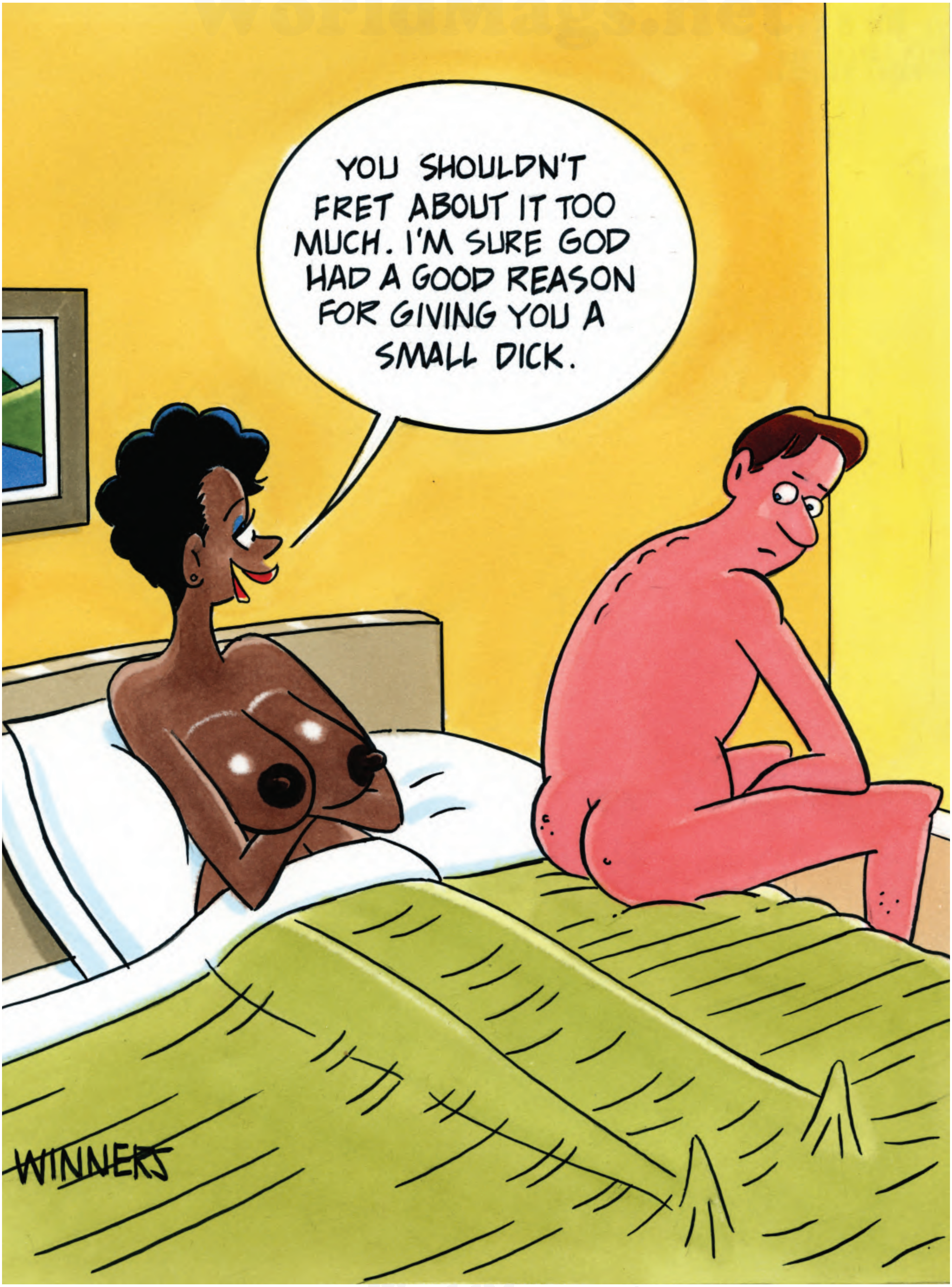
Pageant winner Carine Felizardo

Brazil is known as many things—the annual host to a bacchanalian Carnival celebration, a hub of sugar production, a great place for Nazis to retire. But this South American nation should be celebrated principally for its contributions to the field of ass. The Miss Bumbum competition crowns the finest bottom in Brazil.

Bootyful babes first battled it out in regional competitions before 15 were chosen to attend the final showdown in São Paulo. The closest thing to this in America is the Republican National Convention, which—every four years—determines the biggest asshole in our country.

"You boys can keep your virgins. Give me hot old women in high heels with asses that forgot to get old." **—CHARLES BUKOWSKI, WRITER**

PHOTOS BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES


YOU SHOULDN'T FRET ABOUT IT TOO MUCH. I'M SURE GOD HAD A GOOD REASON FOR GIVING YOU A SMALL DICK.
WINNERS

Swan Dive

I love being a HUSTLER subscriber and keeping up with the exciting, fun world of porn! I just reviewed my copy of the Holiday '12 issue. As usual, it's another great HUSTLER! Loved it from cover to cover! I enjoyed the good article on porn star James Deen [*Hollywood Penetration*]. He's one great guy. And my most favorite girl has to be Madison Swan [*Self-Starter*]. She is a hot, sexy young cunt. I love looking at that babe's pretty face and cute body. Please show her again in HUSTLER and tell her I love her a lot. I would love to stick a couple of fingers into her pussy and then lick up her wetness.

—Dennis Comstock
North Muskegon, Michigan

Cash Game

I eagerly awaited your article *Brooklyn Lee's Presidential Crush* [Holiday '12]. In it you identify Lee's escort as a gal pal's "well-to-do boyfriend." The article goes on to say that the boyfriend is a "big-shot investor" and that the event in question was a "$10,000-a-plate charity auction at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo."

This is a vague description by Internet gossip accounts. They state that Daniel Staton—Adult Friend Finder owner and, by proxy, *Penthouse* owner—donated heavily to Mitt Romney's campaign. Apparently, so did *Penthouse* CEO Mark Bell, who appears to be the "big-shot investor" boyfriend. These accounts also identify Lee and the other woman pictured [Tasha Reign] as *Penthouse* Pets. The event was reported to be a Romney gala. Is this true? If so, imagine the scandal. It raises some interesting questions.

On a side note, I was fortunate enough to visit your HUSTLER Hollywood location in Chicago. As I expected, it was top-notch and had some great deals. I even scored a promo "Larry Flynt for President" button. If only we had such a worthwhile candidate in our current one-party-with-different-names system.

—Wylie Hnat
Coralville, Iowa

The inaugural "Nights in Monaco" gala actually benefited the Prince Albert II of Monaco Foundation and the William J. Clinton Foundation.

Lip Service

I really enjoyed the Holiday '12 *Beaver Hunt* pictures. I think Star is cute. But if Mia did a DVD, I think I would buy it. She has a really nice ass, and her vagina is one of my favorites: big pussy lips and a nice clit. I'm glad Samantha and Brandee sent their [girl-on-girl] pictures to *Beaver Hunt*. I'd buy a Samantha DVD if she did one too. She looks really nice. I could picture her being with three girls, two to hold her legs up and one to eat her pussy and make her squirt.

Real College Girl Stephanie Morales was also looking sexy. I liked her butt, big boobies and nice pussy lips.

—M. Robertson
Bullhead City, Arizona

Straight Shooter

You guys are part of the polarization of liberal and conservative. Who created this shit? The media? Sure, there are conservatives who are too far right, as there are liberals who are too far left. The media portrays and divides us. You guys are guilty.

Do you not think that conservatives smoke pot, snort cocaine, don't give a fuck if gays marry and are environmentalists? There are *plenty*. We need a middle ground. Thus, I am a Libertarian!

As for the Ted Nugent *Asshole of the Month* column, do you guys really believe this shit you write? Ted is a "dramatic," over-the-top dude. Never take him literally. Wake up. Stop the vitriolic nonsense. You are haters.

Also, as a writer and an ex-porn dude, I would be happy to write about the condom law in Los Angeles County. This is funnyass shit!

—Richard Sudborough
Las Vegas, Nevada

Stacked coed Stephanie Morales is topping a lot of reader wish lists.

Xmas Blast

The Double Live Gonzo Geezer Ted Nugent is under attack again [*Asshole of the Month*, Holiday '12]. Even though I'm a fan of his early material, I'm hardly in a state of shock. Let's face it: The Nuge is nothing more than an uncouth, shitkicking cretin and whore.

I would like to blow the whistle on another asshole: that fat bastard in the red suit. If he truly cared, I would find Giselle Leon [*Burst My Bubble*], Melody Jordan [*Scorching Hot*] and Stephanie Morales [*Real College Girls*] in a daisy chain under my tree on Christmas Eve. Then at the stroke of midnight they would kneel as I present each sexy lady with a brand-new pearl necklace.

Thanks for another great issue. I'm looking forward to next month's! And I would like to see the bombastically built Stephanie Morales in a HUSTLER pictorial!

—M.A.
Russellville, Kentucky

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

EPIC SUMMER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

KELLY SURFER

From this laid-back Aussie's point of view, every moment should be as relaxing and blissful as a day at the beach. "I'm definitely not into stress," **Kelly Surfer** discloses. "I really focus on enjoying life, taking whatever comes and always finding the best light to look at stuff in."

Kelly especially enjoys poppy music, funny flicks and over-the-top hanky-panky. "I love Justin Bieber," the "upbeat" babe relates. "I'm a complete sexual freak, and I hope and pray that somebody tosses Bieber my way someday. That kid would never be the same."

Kelly continues, "I'm a very humor-oriented person. The type of gentleman I typically go for is funny, tall, dark and handsome. But funny comes first. As for the ones I avoid, that would be the guy who takes me out and tries to get me wasted."

If you're wondering whether or not you've succeeded in the sack with **Kelly**, there's one surefire clue. "If I can't stop giggling," she explains, "then you've done your job!"

KELLY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Canberra, Australia | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 100

EXCLUSIVE!

MEDIA CON ARTIST
RYAN HOLIDAY EXPOSES HIMSELF

At just 25 years old, Ryan Holiday has already boosted several national brands, made more enemies than most of us ever will, reached an ethical epiphany and wrote a landmark book about Internet bullshit.

We could learn a few things from this kid.

INTERVIEW BY MARK JOHNSON AND KIMBERLY CHENG

PHOTOS BY GIA JORDAN

will she?
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Before blowing the lid off himself with his book *Trust Me, I'm Lying: Confessions of a Media Manipulator*, few people knew who Ryan Holiday was. But if you've been on the Internet over the past few years, you've probably seen his handiwork. Hired by clients such as Tucker Max and American Apparel to market their brands through online viral tactics, Holiday planted stories, took advantage of bad fact-checking and manipulated the boiler-room world of blogging to fabricate scandalous stories, boosting the buzz about his clients and their products. It was a lucrative game—until one day the master manipulator grew a conscience.

HUSTLER: How do you create news out of nothing?

RYAN HOLIDAY: You start it online. The Internet's standards are basically nothing, and they drive the media agenda. What happens is, people plant a story online, whether it's a photo or a blog post or a story they write themselves. Blogs look for whatever is getting heat. The hardest thing is to generate it and find your first place, but once you do that—if you can create the illusion of controversy or get people's senses tickled—they jump on it.

A bigger site picks it up, then a site bigger than that picks it up, then the mainstream media who reads those sites pick it up from there. So instead of pitching the *New York Times*, you get Gawker to write about it through an anonymous email because you know that the *New York Times* reads Gawker and writes about the things that they hear there.

In your book you call it "trading up the chain."

Exactly. It's easy to start on the Internet because all these people desperately want traffic, and they don't have a brand to protect. They don't have any training in journalism, so they'll print anything if they think it'll get traffic.

I wanted to write my book to tell people how it was from my perspective. I thought I would get notes from journalists like, "Ryan, you're right, but maybe you overdid it a little." But pretty much everyone has said, "It's worse than you say." It's hard to know what stories were traded up the chain unless they turn out to be totally untrue—which doesn't happen too often—and unless you did it yourself.

There was a good example recently: These guys designed this fake screw. They Photoshopped it on the back of an Apple product and leaked that Apple was designing this proprietary screw so no one could fuck with their Apple products. That story blew up. The whole chain, which I think made it as far as the cable news, was started by uploading a photoshopped photo to Reddit.com. That happens all the time.

Where do reporters get their information today? They're not literally pounding the pavement trying to suss out stories. They just log on to Facebook like the rest of us and see what their friends are talking about. No one has a six-month or eight-month lead time on stories. It makes them susceptible to chasing whatever's being talked about on the Internet. And because the Internet doesn't have any standards, you can create that from nothing.

Have you gotten blowback for giving the game away?

There was this guy who owns one of the sites that I exposed as being very manipulable. He got very upset and threatened to fight me, so that was fun. It was awesome for me because I was like, "Thanks, dude. Keep publicizing my book. I really appreciate it." But I also got an email from someone who worked for [the late] Andrew Breitbart, who I talk about in the book, and they were like, "He would have loved your book," which I thought was cool.

The Internet is filled with people who talk a big game, but what have they ever actually done? Most of the time the people doing this stuff are too busy to really write about it. I came at it in a unique way. I was tired of it and wanted to expose it. I wanted to make the game so obvious, they couldn't do it anymore. I think embarrassment and shame can be effective tools for change.

Are most of the online headlines we read fake?

It's less often 100% untrue as it is 20% or 30% exaggerated. When the headline is what determines whether anyone reads the article or not, they have to present a certain version of what's in the article. Not the best representation but the one that's going to make you most likely to click. Often what makes us click or what seems the most interesting is somewhat at odds with reality.

When you look at the studies, what gets attention on the Internet is a very particular type of thing. It's something that's 800 words, has a photo and has a click-friendly headline. It's something that makes people angry or makes them laugh. It's not something that makes them feel confused, because that is an unviral emotion.

In the book I quote one study of the *New York Times Magazine* about what articles make the most-popular list. The number-one predictor they found is how angry an article makes the reader. The *New York Times* isn't stupid. They're going to

continues on page 32 >>

intuitively gravitate toward those types of articles. But what the study found is that it's not so much anger, it's the avalanche of emotion.

Any extreme does better than anything in the middle. Sadness is not a very viral emotion. But if it makes you weep or it makes you really upset, that's something that's spread. That makes sense because when you read an article and you're like, "Oh, that was a good article," that's the end of it. But when you're like, "I fucking hate that article" or "I fucking love that article," you send it to people.

What's the worst thing you did online?

I don't think there's one thing. It's just that you realize this thing that was fun and exciting is dependent on exploiting people's sincere emotions.

I open the book talking about the fake controversy that we did about Tucker Max's movie. It was fake at the beginning, but then real people were going out there protesting. Although I think their emotions were misplaced, they were sincerely doing something that was based on a game and was all for my benefit. Doing that enough times and realizing that while the news is fake, it's generating real decisions and real opinions, that's bad and makes a false reality.

One of the other things was this stunt where I pretended to be an expert for a bunch of different news outlets. What I was really trying to show is that nobody cares about what they print anymore. But I did regret that individual reporters got affected by this. The guy at the *New York Times* had to issue a correction to a story. I don't feel good about putting his ass on the line because it wasn't his fault. Someone told him, "You've got two days to turn out this story." That's not enough time, and that's why he did it.

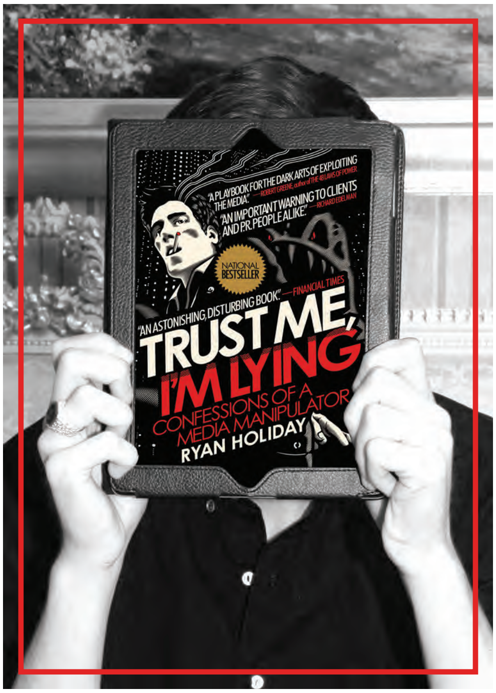
Did it eventually get too much for your conscience?

It's funny that the title of my book is *Trust Me, I'm Lying*, because it's really hard for me to lie to people. It makes me uncomfortable. It was the accumulation of living my life this way [that got to me], because I care about this stuff. If I could do this for T-shirts and books, do you think when the most powerful position in the world is on the line that people aren't going to play the same games? It became really difficult for me to pretend that wasn't true—especially when I saw the same blogs that I would trick with stories about American Apparel breaking stories of international significance.

I see Gawker write about Mitt Romney, and I know they'll print literally anything that I send them. Then I see CNN talking about Gawker's report on Mitt Romney. It scares me because I don't think they have two sets of editorial standards.

Everything has the same value now?

I think so. They're all competing for the same share of attention, and the consequences for being wrong are about the same—which is to say nothing. The *Huffington Post* once had to apologize for accusing Fox News of doctoring a video of Mitt Romney. Is anyone going to be less likely to read the *Huffington Post*? Of course not, because there wasn't any credibility for them to lose. It's not like they're a hundred-year-old media brand protecting this institution. And it's not like the *Huffington Post* plans to be here in a hundred years, because that's not their business model. They already sold out to AOL for $300 million in cash, not in stock. It's like, take the money and run. They don't care.


"A PLAYBOOK FOR THE DARK ARTS OF EXPLOITING THE MEDIA." —ROBERT GREENE, author of THE 48 LAWS OF POWER
"AN IMPORTANT WARNING TO CLIENTS AND P.R. PEOPLE ALIKE." —RICHARD EDELMAN
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
"AN ASTONISHING, DISTURBING BOOK." —FINANCIAL TIMES
TRUST ME, I'M LYING
CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIA MANIPULATOR
RYAN HOLIDAY

The economy of the Internet is now firmly in place. Can it still change in a more ethical direction?

The incentives have to change. Advertisers pay for how many views their things get, and that determines all those other factors. It's greed on both sides. Advertisers want to get their ads as cheap as possible, and sites want to get as many views as possible. How many views times what you get paid per view equals how much money you make. Right now they only try to raise the first part of the equation—how many views—not how much those views are worth, because advertisers have shown they're not willing to pay for high-quality content on the Internet. That's got to change.

Users have to realize that when you're getting something for free, you're still paying for it with your time, which to me is worth a whole lot more than money. You hear blogs say you shouldn't be reading one site anyway; you've got to read lots of sites. That's way worse. I have to read ten blogs and triangulate the truth myself? Basically, blogs are saying, "The content is going to be free; it's just going to be really shitty."

So are we regressing back to sensational, read-all-about-it journalism?

Yeah. We have all of the old problems plus the new ones. Now it's yellow journalism times the Internet times this interdependent, instantaneous world of somebody puts out a tweet and a million people see it immediately.

Isn't that more democratic? Before we had people like William Randolph Hearst telling everybody what to think, and nobody could respond to it. Now everybody can respond.

I would say that we have our new version of William Randolph Hearst with Nick Denton [of Gawker Media] and Arianna Huffington. They're cloaking what they do in self-serving, aggrandizing rhetoric: It's the new technology; it's the future; it's democracy. They're running the same hustle we criticized people for doing a hundred years ago. The fact that we can dispute what we read now doesn't make it any better.

If Gawker accused you of being a rapist, and then you were able to tweet back, "No, that's not true," is that really an improvement? Wouldn't you rather them just not say that? Forcing someone to deny something that's untrue is just as much slander as accusing them of doing it. There isn't a culture of criticism on the Internet or any sort of self-policing because everyone is so busy trying to get theirs, they don't care about the truth as a whole.

In the book you quote a friend as saying "every generation of media has a different cock in its mouth." Great quote. What does it mean?

It means that the dominant incentives of media determine what it does. In yellow journalism it was beating the horses of racism and class division and things like that. Then you have this period of journalism in America for the last 80 years that was about prestige and status. I see newspapers of that era as being very much the self-appointed gatekeepers of culture, elitist institutions that pretended to care about people but would never really do anything to challenge authority.

Today what the Internet worships is traffic. Everything is about controversy and scandal and what will get attention. Imagine if you guys at HUSTLER determined what articles you should run by the thing that got the most letters to the editor in the previous month. That would really suck.

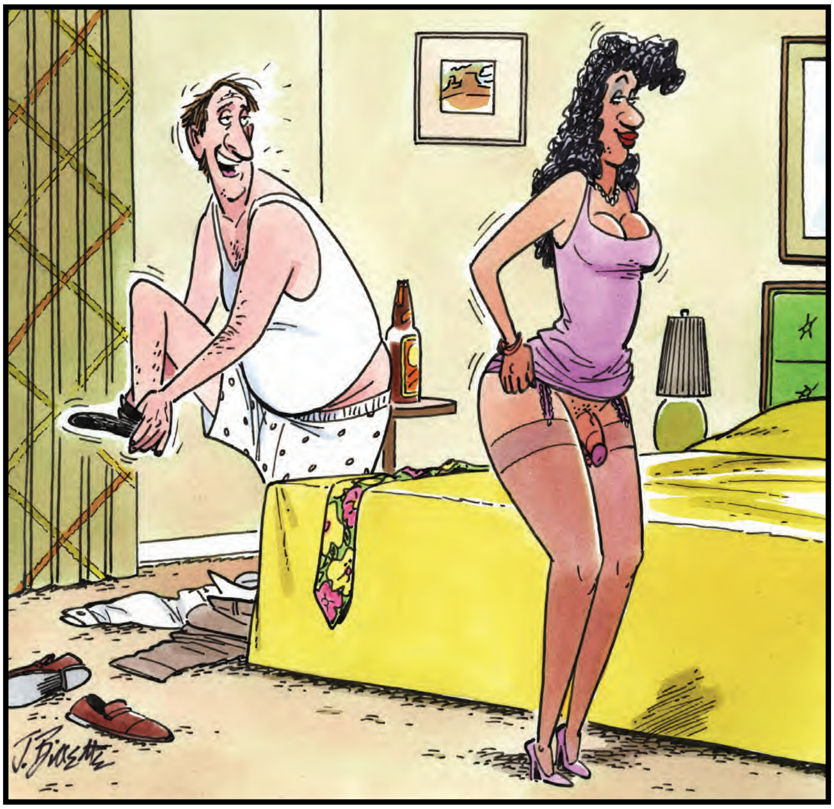
You should see some of our letters.

Right! What the Internet does is it puts those people in charge and says you are representative of the whole. And they're really not. Something like 4% of people are responsible for all ad-clicks on the Internet. If advertisements are what drive the content, 4% of the population is determining everything that the culture gets to see. The Internet is so desperate for any signal that the thing that it's doing is the right thing, that people like me can manipulate it by artificially creating those signals. Smart editors, writers and artists have always struggled with it: what people say they want [versus] what they need. When you go too far in either direction, you get total crap. Like that Henry Ford quote: "If I had listened to what my customers told me, I would have just given them a faster horse."

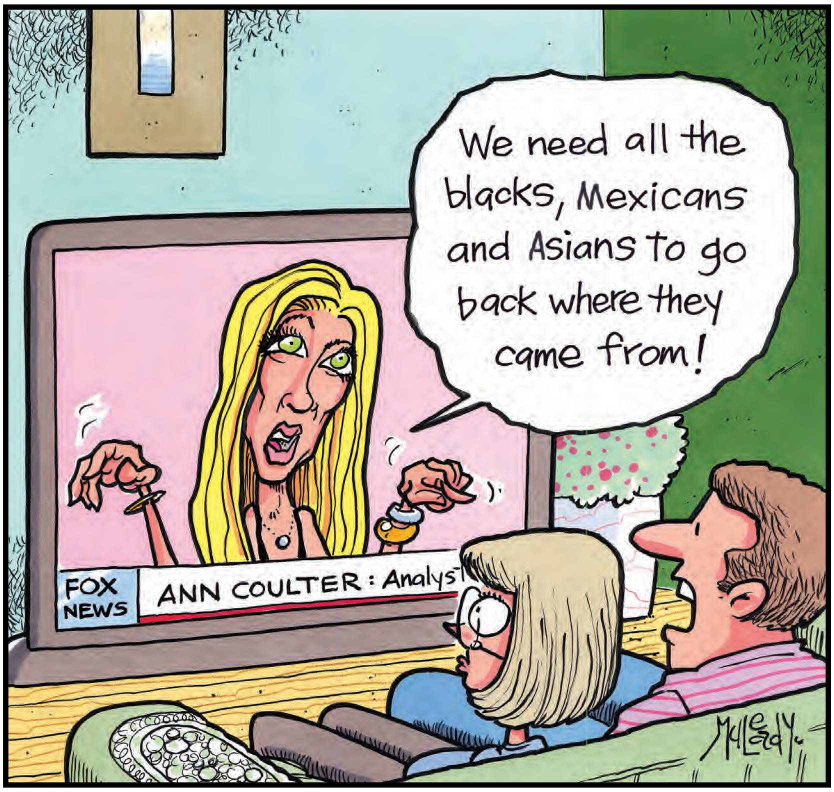
In 50 years computers are going to be generating news and sending it back and forth the way stocks are traded. Are humans going to even be involved anymore?

That's really scary because that exists now. That's what Demand Media does. An algorithm picks out a topic for a story. It generates the headline for the story. It generates the terms that should be in that story. The human being is just one of many filters in the content process rather than being the driver of it. If your business model is dependent on riling people up and getting them upset every day, it's got to be worse than the day before. I don't know what that ultimately adds up to, but it can't be good.

I think the first step is saying, "Okay, we built this thing; it's not working out exactly how we thought. What do we do about it?' There's a great quote from [cultural critic] Neil Postman where he's saying that sometimes the people who invent the technology are the worst people to decide how it gets used. We didn't invent this stuff, so maybe it's our turn as readers to say what we want.



"I'm so excited! I've never been with a black woman before!"


We need all the blacks, Mexicans and Asians to go back where they came from!
FOX NEWS
ANN COULTER : Analyst

"There are still two traditional American aspects very much alive in the Republican Party: stupid bitches and hating minorities."

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area
Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?
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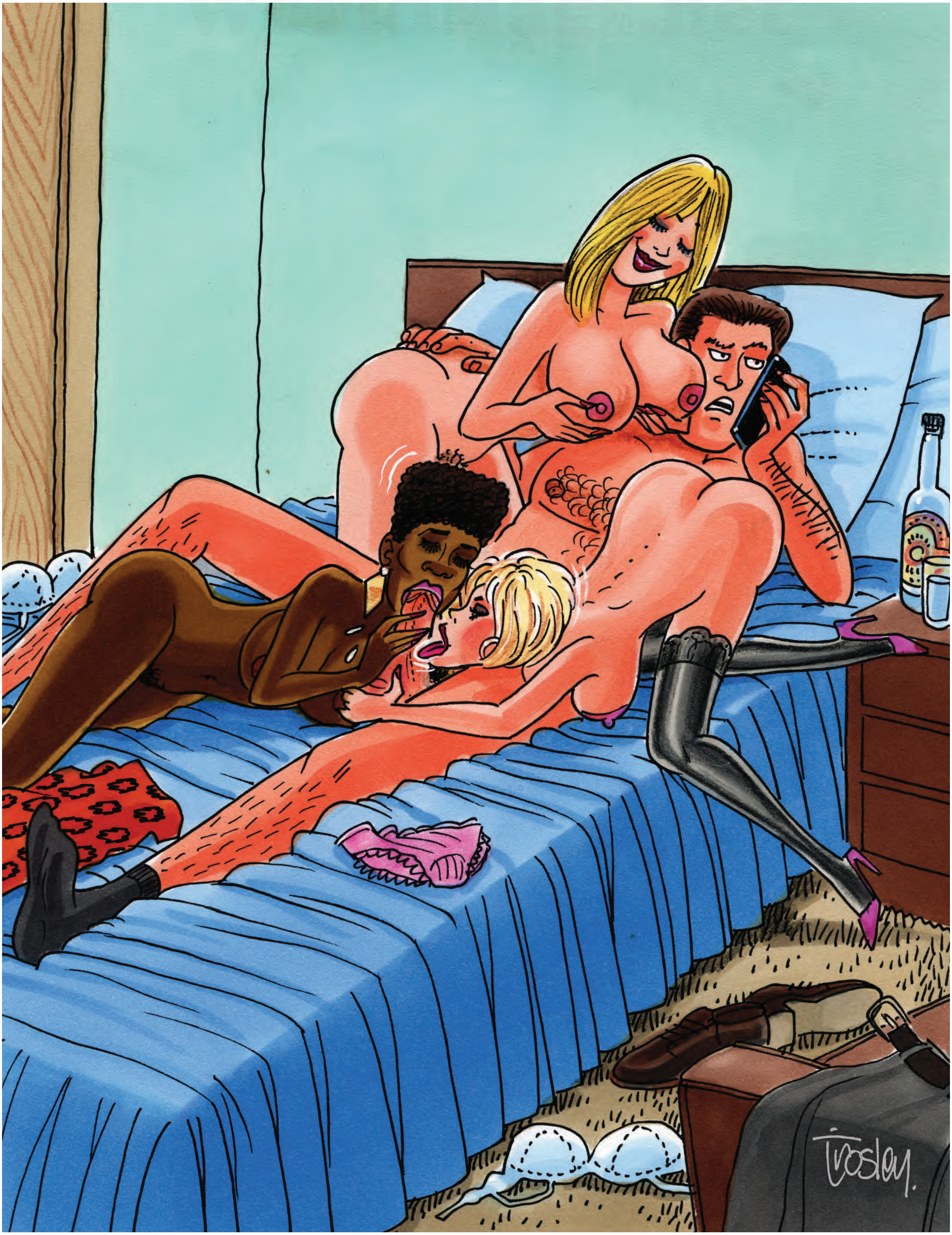
PERSONALS
WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU
You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW
PEAK INSIDE



“Yes, we’re running a little late tonight, dear. But, hey, *you’re* the one who insisted I find some kind of group therapy for my sexual addiction!”

HEAT WAVE

LANA LOPEZ

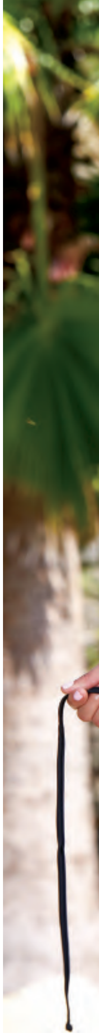
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

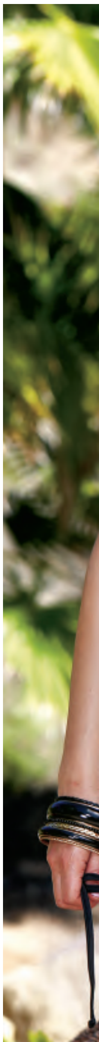
Lana Lopez has a dazzling figure, but the hottie spends much more time in the kitchen than she does working out. “Cooking is one of my favorite things to do when I’m making dinner for a lot of people,” **Lana** reveals. “But if I’m the only one eating, I’ll probably just grab some fruit, whip up a smoothie and call it a meal.”

Lana doesn’t have a favorite cuisine, which is appropriate for a gal whose ancestry is a hodge-podge of Mexican, Thai and Irish influences. “I’m a really eclectic person,” she notes. “I have a diverse background, but it goes way beyond that.”

When it comes to her private life, **Lana** isn’t a creature of habit. “I’m very restless,” she explains. “I don’t like doing the same thing night after night. As long as there’s some variety, I can be just as happy sitting at home reading a book and listening to Björk as I would be dancing like crazy at an after-hours club or trying to teach myself archery.”

Lana is passionate about lots of things, including good coffee, supporting animal rights and staying in touch with her fans. Through Twitter and occasional cam shows, the enterprising cutie keeps her admirers in the loop on her latest escapades. “I adore my fans,” **Lana** says. “I’d be nothing without them!”





WorldMa

LANA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Santa Monica, California | AGE: 31 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-1 | WEIGHT: 103

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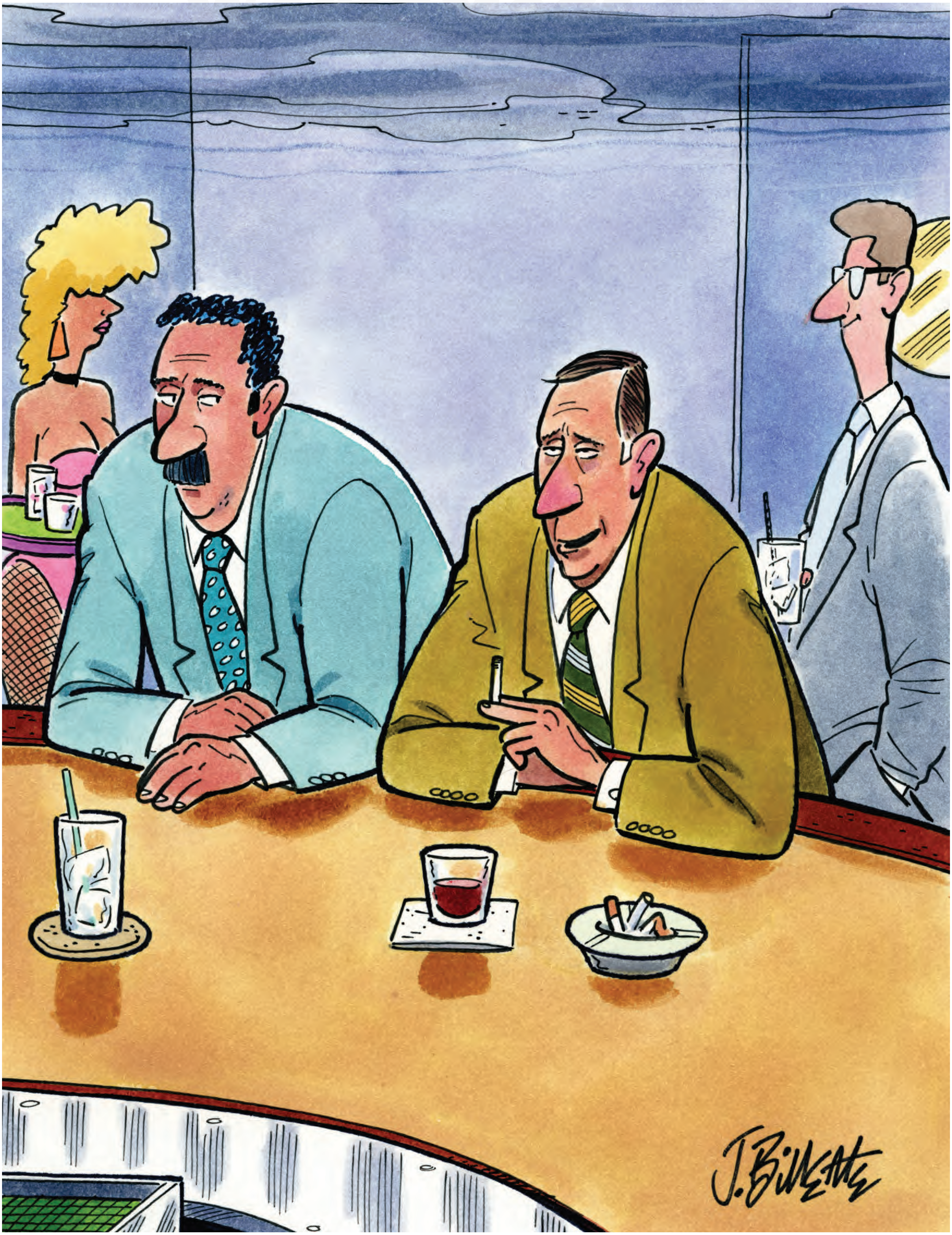


“Guess what? My wife has learned how to deep-throat. At least that’s what the guys in the office tell me.”

shine bright like a DIAMOND

no contest. porn star **skin diamond** is the most interesting girl in the world.

by oriana small aka ashley blue

photography by gia jordan

She dwells in one of those fancy apartment buildings with all the amenities in the heart of West Hollywood. Her place has the aura of Madame Olenska. With the curtains closed, there's incense burning and plum-colored candles glowing in the daytime darkness. A large bookshelf is stacked high to the ceiling with everything from Harry Potter to Irvine Welsh, both of whom she loves with a passion. She reads from the latter's *Trainspotting* out loud in her thickest Scottish brogue. Skin spent most of her life in Scotland although she was born in California.

The daughter of missionaries, Skin got to road trip across the USA with her parents, doing drama sketches, street theater, songs and comedy as a way to make Jesus fun! The Bible-thumping family eventually relocated to the land of the Scots.

"I'm really glad I grew up in Scotland because it gave me a different perspective on the world." Skin was the only black kid, so she got bullied a lot. But it got better.

Acting, drawing, singing and writing have always been ways for Skin to express herself. Modeling has taken up a lot of her time lately, but she still sketches and pens short stories for her own amusement. When she was a student in Dunfermline, Scotland, her focus was on art and design. It switched to acting, and after four years she dropped out at the age of 15.

"I wanted to leave school because I got so much shit. I was always really geeky and swatty up until I was a teenager and started rebelling, not wanting to go to church anymore."

Skin's parents were initially pissed about her rebellion. Dad hated it. Mom was disappointed. By this time they had stopped doing missionary work, and her father was working on the popular BBC children's show *Balamory*.

GANGBANGS AND CASH

Obsessed with alt modeling when she was 17, Skin started out right after she turned 18. Her first shoot ever was nude. "I'd always wanted to be a model, but I never thought I was pretty enough. Then my friend showed me Suicide Girls. I would spend hours online studying photographers that I wanted to shoot with, models and the way they posed."

Her idols were Bianca Beauchamp, Apnea and Masuimi Max—all of whom she has since met. Her first mainstream gig was in *New Town Killers* (2008), starring Dougray Scott. Skin made her XXX debut in 2009, performing in a girl/girl, boy/girl and boy/girl/anal for Burning Angel all in the same week.

Skin Diamond's career has never slowed down since then. She has been nominated for *AVN*'s Best New Starlet and Female Performer of the Year, in addition to multiple scene awards. The hardcore movie that she's most excited about is her first marquee showcase: *Skin* from Elegant Angel. In it she lives out her very own Japanese schoolgirl gangbang scene. Skin loves hentai porn!

Matt Williams from Hogtied.com is sitting on the couch. He spent the entire night breaking in her asshole to prepare Skin for a gangbang. She's been doing a lot of anal lately. There's also a big plastic baggy of cash sitting on her coffee table because she'd been feature-dancing last night at Club Alex's near Boston. "I put clothespins and clamps all over my pussy and have someone hold it, then I jump off. It doesn't really hurt me, but it looks dramatic. Pretty much any club will let me do that because it's not insertion."

continues on page 57 >>

LET'S GET DIRTY!

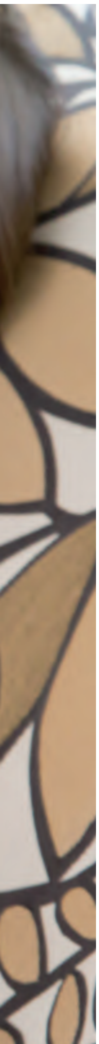
ABIGAIL MAC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

For **Abigail Mac** the secret to life is good health. "It's easy to forget, but we all feel so much better when we're eating well and exercising," she points out. "Sometimes we neglect our bodies, so feeling good mentally starts with treating your body right!"

But **Abigail** will be the first to admit that nothing feels better than carnal pleasure, especially when it comes unexpectedly with a special dude. "One day I went on a long hike with my man," she recalls. "We'd been walking for a few hours, and we were extremely tired and sweaty. Just before we reached the top of the mountain, we suddenly decided to fuck right there on the trail. When we finished, we were covered in dirt and mud. It was amazing!"

Abigail also digs rocking out to hipster bands like Mumford & Sons, Daft Punk and Young the Giant. But as much as the immodest Marylander accepts being a creature of the modern world, sometimes she pines for a different age. "It would've been fun to live in the 1960s," **Abigail** marvels. "Simpler times, free love, great music—and the fact that everybody was toking up would just be a bonus!"



ABIGAIL'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Columbia, Maryland | AGE: 24 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 105

PHOTOS COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO AND VIVID ENTERTAINMENT

FOR MORE SKIN DIAMOND HARDCORE TURN TO PAGE 75

PUSSY POWER

Even though Skin is deliriously exhausted from her redeye flight home, her pets are still a top priority. Her passion for animals is apparent as soon as you step into her apartment. If she were the Queen of the World, Skin would have a sanctuary for animals.

Two cats, Damien and Lucifer, are playing on the giant cat tree in the corner of the living room. Hummingbirds feed on her patio. Turtles named Tic and Tac are biting at the glass of their aquarium. They don't come out much. Skin's old roommate had kept them in a tub, neglected. As the Turtle Protective Services would see fit, she rescued Tic and Tac and put them into a spacious tank. "It was animal cruelty for them to live in a dark closet. It was horrible. Now he's on the run from the cops, and he's Egyptian."

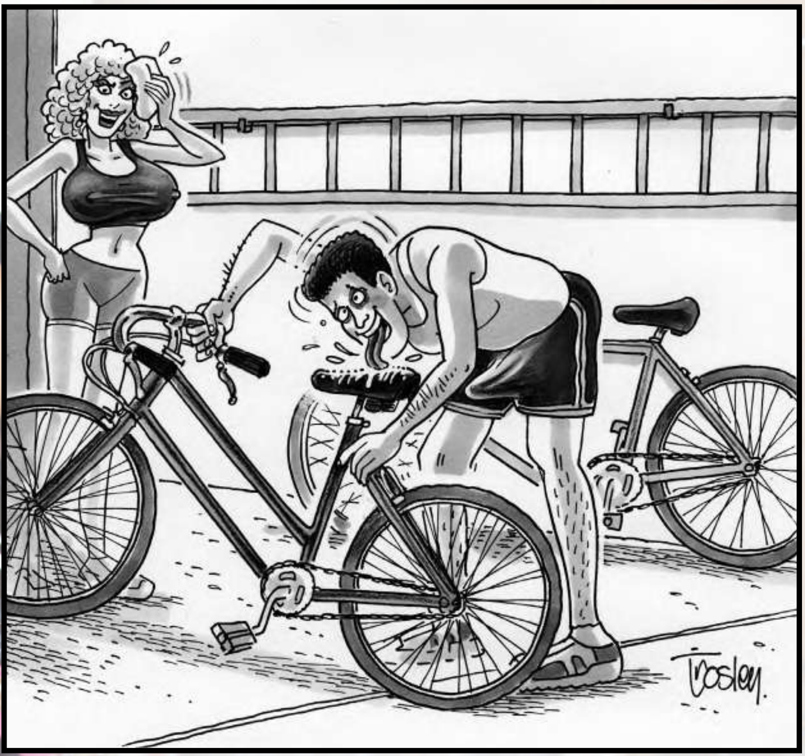
EXQUISITE TASTE

Skin and I stroll down Sunset Boulevard to Book Soup, the coolest local bookstore in the world. It's the kind of place you could stay inside forever—until you need some really amazing Lebanese food. For that, you go next door. The first order of business is to smoke out of a giant hookah. Skin chooses a mixture of watermelon, ginger and mint. She can't help her exotic sex appeal. It rises out of her. She's volcanic. "I've always been very experimental. Even before I ever had a cigarette, I loved the way it smelled. My parents were not even smokers."

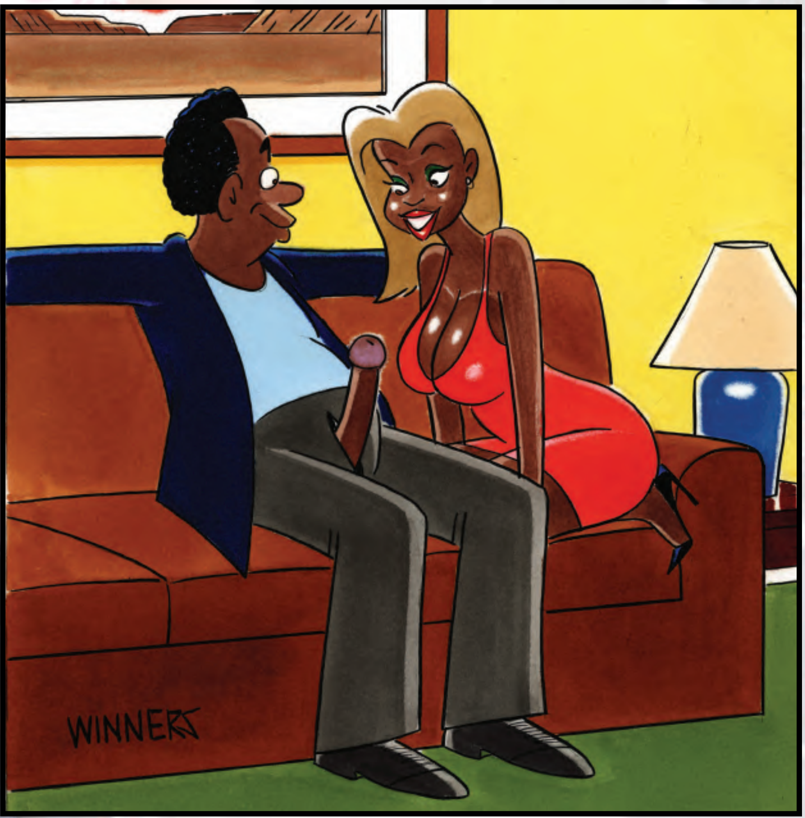
We puff on dried fruit and partake of fluffy falafel as Skin fills us in on her love life. Besides Scotland, she used to live in England, where she was engaged to a fetish photographer. The engagement lasted eight months, but the couple broke up because her fiancé was too controlling. She just wants someone to make her feel really special, whether it's a guy or a girl. Right now Skin's dating porn beauty Asphyxia Noir but confesses, "I'm really bad at dating."

Skin admits that she has a really small appetite for food. What she finds most satiating is sex and her desire to try new things. Cultures, travel, performance, movies, tentacle dildos and meeting new fans wherever she roams like a gypsy. In her, we find a modern, unique definition of beauty. She has an angelic face, tattoos and half-shaved head, a shining example of what would happen if fashion, fetish and porn collided. The product would be the ideal cut: Skin Diamond.

Oriana Small is a writer and visual artist from Southern California. As Ashley Blue, the *AVN* Hall of Famer has appeared in more than 300 adult films and has won numerous adult film industry awards, including *AVN*'s Performer of the Year. Her book *Girlvert: A Porno Memoir* is a bestselling cult classic.



"Must you do that after *every* ride?!"



"If you really loved me, you'd have my name tattooed on it."

HUSTLER

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BIG EXPECTATIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

MACY CARTEL

Anyone planning to ask about **Macy Cartel**'s most unforgettable sexual experiences would be wise to clear his or her afternoon. "It's hard to pick one," the curvaceous Floridian coos. "I've had a lot of fun in my 23 years."

Refreshing her memory, **Macy** confides, "It might be the time I had sex on a park bench with my first boyfriend. Or maybe the foursome I had at the beach with this guy, his bartender friend and some random girl. No, wait! It was definitely the time I was sitting on the couch talking to my mom on the phone, and my boyfriend insisted on getting a blowjob. Twenty minutes and one facial later, I got away with it! I guess I know how to talk with my mouth full."

Macy, who hates to be alone and has a big-time cop fetish, reveals, "A dry sense of humor is a must for me. I'm into handsome, funny, older men like Charlie Sheen, Hugh Laurie and—unfortunately—this jackass I used to date."

When you're as hot as **Macy**, it's hard to avoid the occasional jackass. But there's one male shortcoming this fine feline really can't stand: "I wish I had X-ray vision. That way I could see what I'm getting long before the dude unzips his pants! I'm tired of being disappointed!"

MACY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Tampa, Florida | AGE: 23 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 144

When David was about to start out as a gynecologist, he sought advice from a veteran of the profession. Dr. Curley was more than happy to sit down with David. "Being a gyno is a lot like being a pizza-delivery guy," Dr. Curley told the newbie.

"How do you mean?" David asked.

His mentor replied, "Both have to remember one simple rule: You can smell it, but you can't taste it!"

A little old lady was dragging two large plastic trash bags as she traipsed through town. One of the bags was ripped, and every few steps a $20 bill fell out onto the sidewalk. Noticing this, a policeman stopped the biddy, pointed to the torn bag and said, "Ma'am, $20 bills are falling out of that bag."

"Darn it!" she exclaimed. "I'd better go back and see if I can find 'em all. Thanks for telling me, officer."

"Well now, not so fast!" the cop bellowed. "Where did you get all that money? You didn't steal it, did you?"

"No, no, no!" the old lady insisted. "You see, my backyard is next to a golf course. A lot of golfers pee through a knothole in my fence, right into my flower garden. It used to really tick me off. Then I thought, *Why not make the best of it?* So now I stand behind the fence, real quiet, with my hedge clippers. Every time some guy sticks his thingy through the knothole, I grab hold of it and say, 'Okay, buddy! Give me $20 or off it comes.'"

The cop snickered and remarked, "Well, that seems only fair. By the way, what's in the other bag?"

"Not every golfer pays!"

Question: What do you call a prostitute with a runny nose?

Answer: Full.

Sandra told her daughter Maria that they could talk about anything at any time. So when the girl finally lost her virginity, she didn't hesitate to inform her mother.

"How was it?" Sandra inquired.

"Wonderful," 21-year-old Maria gasped. "It was a little rough at first, but I have to admit the experience was totally magical."

"Oh, to be young again," Sandra gushed. "Give me more details, dear!"

"Well, like I said, it was a little difficult for a while," Maria continued. "But by the time the fourth or fifth guy started fucking me, I knew I could last all night!"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Women want one man who can satisfy their many needs. Men want many women to satisfy their one need.

Meg was overdue for a physical, but the fortysomething was embarrassed by her weight problem. She finally dragged herself to a doctor. As Meg removed her last bit of clothing, the fatty started to blush. "I'm so ashamed," she apologized. "I really let myself go."

"Don't feel ashamed," the physician assured Meg as he held a tongue depressor. "You don't look *that* bad. Now open your mouth and say 'Moo.'"

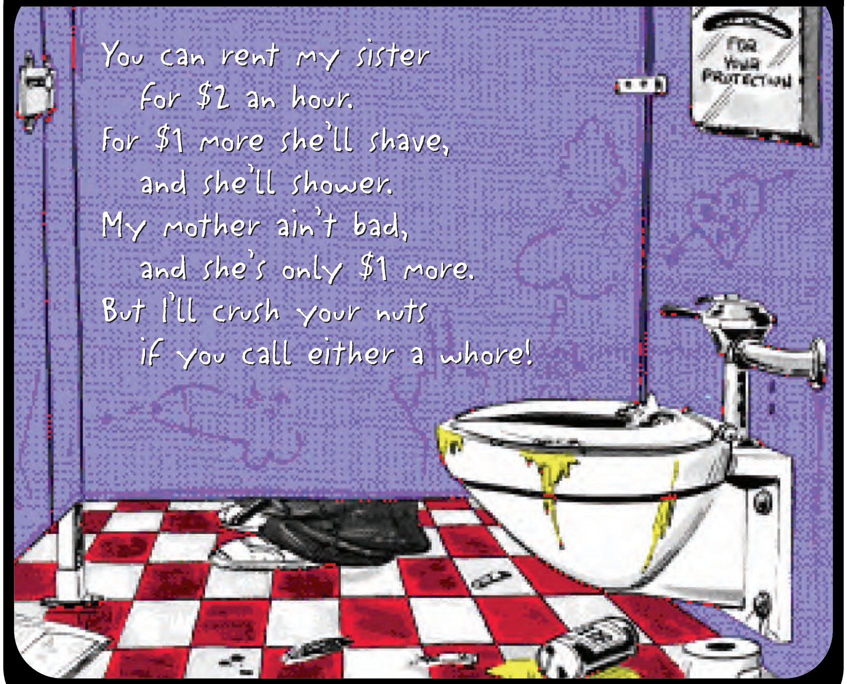
The end was near for a lifelong scumbag named Edgar. A priest arrived to administer last rites. "I'm here to save your soul," the priest announced.

"Okay," Edgar grumbled on his deathbed. "What do I gotta do?"

"You must renounce the devil and all his teachings," the priest beseeched. "Tell the devil he won't be getting your soul; tell him to rot in hell forever!"

"Geez, are you sure about that?" Edgar asked. "At a time like this, it doesn't seem very smart to piss *anybody* off!"

GRAFFILTHY



You can rent my sister
for $2 an hour.
For $1 more she'll shave,
and she'll shower.
My mother ain't bad,
and she's only $1 more.
But I'll crush your nuts
if you call either a whore!

Thanks and $50 go to W.G.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

***Wash** day: Holly Taylor (top left), Kendall Karson (top right), Missy Martinez and Rikki Six (right) work for tips.*

Busty Beauties Car Wash

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: HOLLY TAYLOR, MISSY MARTINEZ, KENDALL KARSON, RIKKI SIX, SINDY LANGE, JOEY BRASS, ERIC SWISS, BILLY GLIDE, EVAN STONE & OTTO BAUER.

“Well, those dudes never seem to stop comin’, work and work. Keep them pussies and those dildos hummin’, work and work.” Yep, those are the original lost lyrics to the disco classic “Car Wash.” Okay, that’s a lie. But here at HUSTLER, every ass deserves a good waxing. So screw the truth, throw in some hot buffers with titanic tits and you got yourself a top-notch fuck flick. So what if they spend more time cleaning the customers’ cocks than their cars? That’s just good salesmanship. Speaking of which, we stocked this flick with HUSTLER Honeys. No lie. Chesty January jack-off material Missy Martinez and February fuckdoll Rikki Six prove they can do more than pose on a page as they polish up the trailer hitches of two lucky customers. Make ’em shine! Shooting for employee of the month, squirting Sindy Lange gives the store manager a pre-soak and full detail. Now *that’s* a Thursday special. Kendall Karson joins the action when she gets her muff buffed by a security guard. Not to be outdone, trashy-sweet Holly Taylor takes a pounding before sudsing up her rack. Yeah, the premise ain’t original, but who’s not going to enjoy large-knockered women fucking like it’s their last day on the job? Nobody. That’s who. Now toss something into that tips bucket, you cheap bastards. Better yet, order *Busty Beauties Car Wash* now by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or go to **HustlerStore.com**.

—Andy Parker

Rump Raiders

JULES JORDAN VIDEO/THE ASS FACTORY. DIRECTOR: CHRIS STREAMS. STARRING: SKIN DIAMOND, MELINA MASON, REMY LACROIX, SHEENA SHAW, MANUEL FERRARA, ERIK EVERHARD, MICHAEL STEFANO, TONY RIBAS & MR. PETE.

This disc is a veritable lost ark for anal addicts. The reliable boys at The Ass Factory trot out four limber anuses one after another and stretch their limits. This ain't the kind of workout a girl walks into cold. Reaming like this takes some bowel flushing and a night with a lucky butt-fluffer—one of the perks of dating a porn star. Blond beauty Sheena Shaw brings her lovely alabaster booty to the party, soaps it up in a hot tub, then gets royally reamed and piledriven until her shit chute gapes like the Carlsbad Caverns. You won't believe it's the same chick who did that cute little caboose shake at the beginning. Melina Mason's generous mounds are built to titfuck, but it turns out she's a tightass. She winces all the way through her back-end workout. Positively heartwarming. The notoriously untamed Skin Diamond rolls onto the screen next and blows a hole in it with a jawdropping, spit-drenched gag session, followed by one of the hottest double-penetration scenes in recent memory. Check out our intimate portrait of the multifaceted Diamond starting on page 44. Skin can't be bested, but the flick's finale with freckle-faced Remy LaCroix and her virginal bubble butt has a tender, breaking-in-the-filly charm to it. According to legend, Indiana Jones went through hell to find this treasure. Now we know why. ***—M.J.***

*Sheena Shaw (left) and Remy LaCroix cook up some **Rump** roast.*

Skin Diamond and Melina Mason (bottom left) tackle the ***Raiders****.*

THIS MONTH'S
MASTER STROKE

HARDCORE OR HIGH CULTURE?

TRACKING THE FASHION-**XXX** FUSION

Are the worlds of art and fashion just slumming when they borrow from porn, or is a real cross-fertilization happening?

BY ALEXIS HATCHETT

You can't watch porn on YouTube, but these days you can get close.

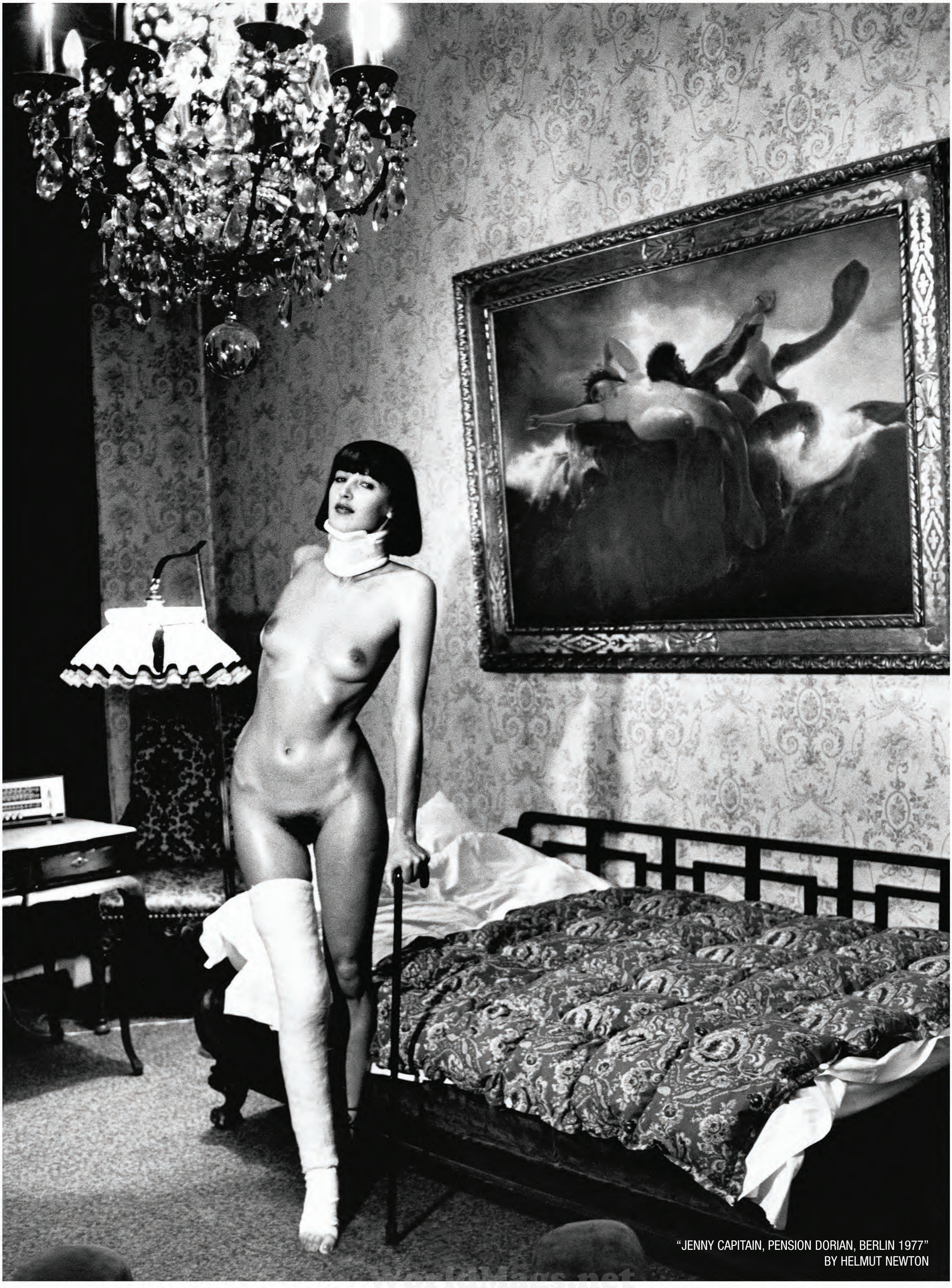
Case in point: A new promo video, released to launch new fashion mag *25*, with hip-hop megastar Kanye West. The clip opens on West's face, close-up, then veers into a collage of explicit imagery in color and arty black-and-white. Over it West's voice intones, "Through me, the way to the suffering city." Naked models revolve onscreen, juxtaposed with flashes of bondage ropes, snakes, blood and skeletons.

This isn't straight-on hardcore or even an ode to it, but it is an interesting example of how smut aesthetics continue to inflect popular culture, whether it's movies, music or high fashion.

West is more than a multiplatinum recording artist, producer and lyricist, not to mention sex-tape star and stud to Kim Kardashian. He's also an entrepreneur with a high-end women's clothing line. So what do Yeezy, fashion and erotica have in common? Answer: Polish supermodel Anja Rubik, West's longtime friend and the creative drive behind *25*.

Ms. Rubik told online mag *The Cut*, which premiered the promo, "We talked about how porn looks these days, and West agreed with me that there's no porn out there that is beautiful aesthetically and integrates fashion to make a beautiful image." Expanding on that for *New York* magazine, she said, "It's not pornographic, but it's very sensual."

That disclaimer—carefully packaging erotica as art while avoiding the dirty stigma of hardcore—is nothing new. Mainstream culture has long tried to cash in on the libido charms of XXX while castrating the money shot. **>>**



"JENNY CAPITAIN, PENSION DORIAN, BERLIN 1977"
BY HELMUT NEWTON

Some of the 20th century's greatest photographers—from Edward Weston to Helmut Newton and Robert Mapplethorpe—experimented with art-porn hybrids. Performance artists and filmmakers have also been forcing society to redefine obscenity for decades. In 1992—in the wake of the 1980s' funding wars, when Ronald Reagan's Congress slashed arts funding of explicit projects to pander to the religious right—Madonna's photo volume *Sex* hit the scene like a commercial bombshell. Shot by renowned fashion photographer Steven Meisel, the pop idol's flirt with smut is now a collector's item.

What about the other way around? Is high culture influencing porn?

Over the years only a small handful of XXX directors, most notably Andrew Blake, have attempted to make sophisticated hardcore. Fine art and fashionable aesthetics have also put their stamp on trends like fetish flicks and alt-porn. Online softcore mag *Treats!* has also been turning heads with its visual sophistication.

But apart from better technical quality and plastic surgery, the aesthetics of most porn hasn't changed much since the stag-movie days. Would classy product get a limp response from porn fans, or is it just raunchy enough?

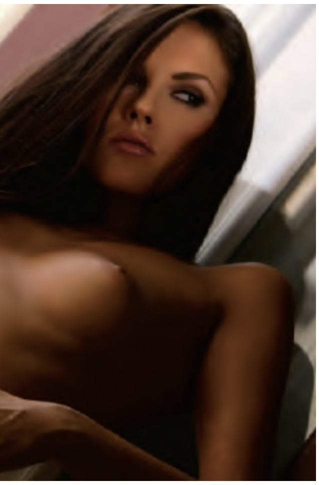
"Sure it's raunchy enough to whack off to," says photographer Mark Lit, a frequent HUSTLER contributor. "There are people with sneezing fetishes. I don't think it has much to do with raunch but what people view as erotic."

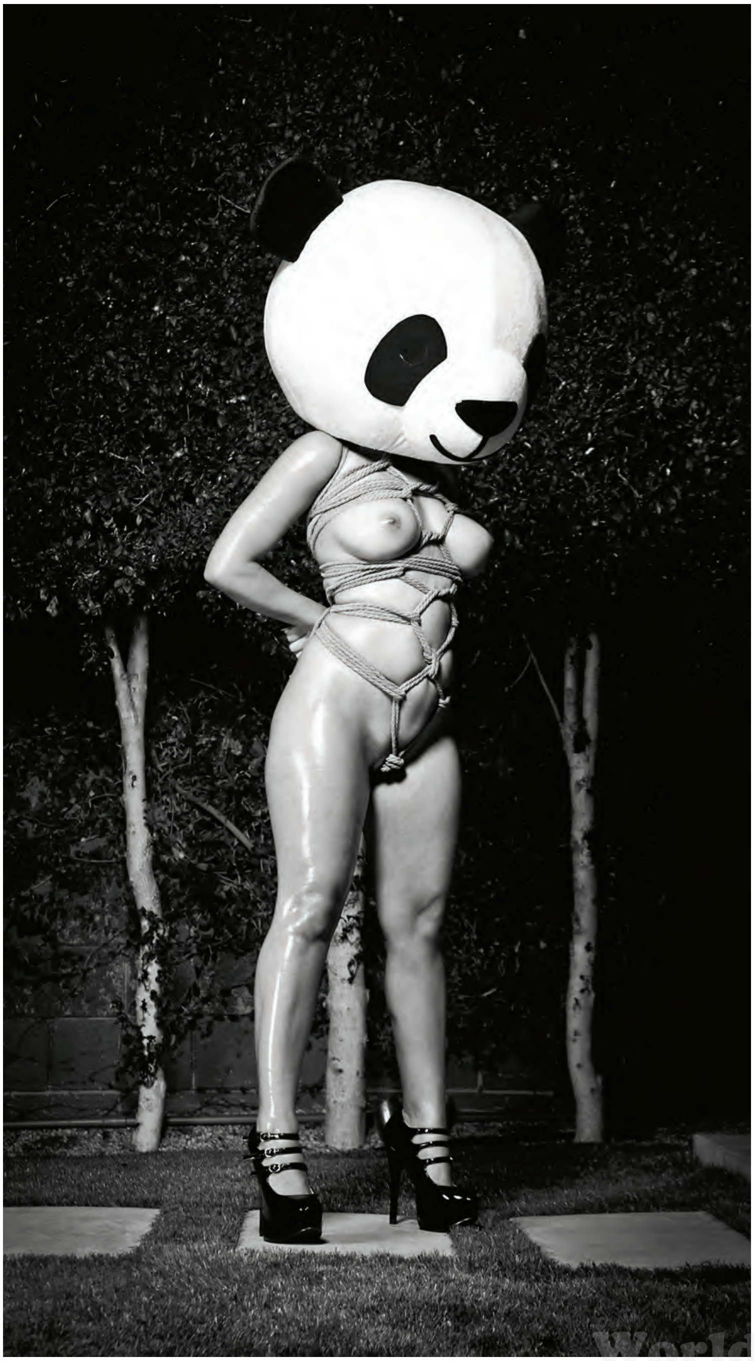
But is it art? "Absolutely," says fetish photographer Victor Lightworship. "To me, art something

continues on page 80 >>

VIDEO STILLS (NEAR RIGHT) COURTESY *25* MAGAZINE
NUDE MODEL PHOTOS BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM
BONDAGE PHOTOS BY VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP
HELMUT NEWTON PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN BOOKS

DIGITALDESIRE.COM





ART OF CAPTURE

The work of a master photographer is instantly recognizable. Marked by their distinctive style, Victor Lightworship's photos are both strikingly bold and filled with the subtle interplay of sexual power.

The resident of sunny Southern California chose the pseudonym Lightworship, he divulges, because "in its essence, photography is the art of capturing light. In my opinion, all photographers should worship the light." As a child, he and his father—also a professional photographer—built a darkroom in their basement where, according to Victor, "Pop taught me the ways of black-and-white film and photographic printmaking."

Another early inspiration hits close to home: "I remember the first time I saw a HUSTLER, I thought to myself, *Hey, who takes these pictures?! That seems like a pretty good job. Why don't I do that?*"

Victor was inspired by Japan's most controversial erotic photographer, Nobuyoshi Araki, whose work he calls "perverted, prolific, unapologetic and insanely successful in both the mainstream and adult worlds—basically everything I aspire to be."

Softcore moviemaker Russ Meyer—famous for cult classics like *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* and *Up!*—also inspired Victor with his brash, tongue-in-cheek style: "Like the way he would have wide-angle shots of a forest with a couple fucking like rabbits on a tree stump in the corner of the frame."

Victor got his start shooting vanilla scenes for clients like Cirque du Soleil, Miller beer and *Women's Wear Daily*, but his heart was elsewhere. "Japanese rope bondage really gets my juices flowing," he confides. "Besides, have you ever seen anything more beautiful than a lovely naked girl tied up on the floor looking up at you with pleading eyes? I haven't." Nursing his BDSM obsession has garnered Victor international exposure in publications throughout Europe, along with several pictorials in our sister publication HUSTLER'S TABOO.

As carefully controlled as they are, fetish shoots can be havens for the unexpected. Victor tells a story about a session that combined a suspended model and urination. The shy Asian girl's disappointing trickle of pee suddenly "turned into a fire hose" at Victor's coaxing. "With her pussy being six feet up in the air, and the stream flying horizontally, I got hit! And it just kept going and going, like something out of a *National Lampoon* movie." He kept shooting the whole time.

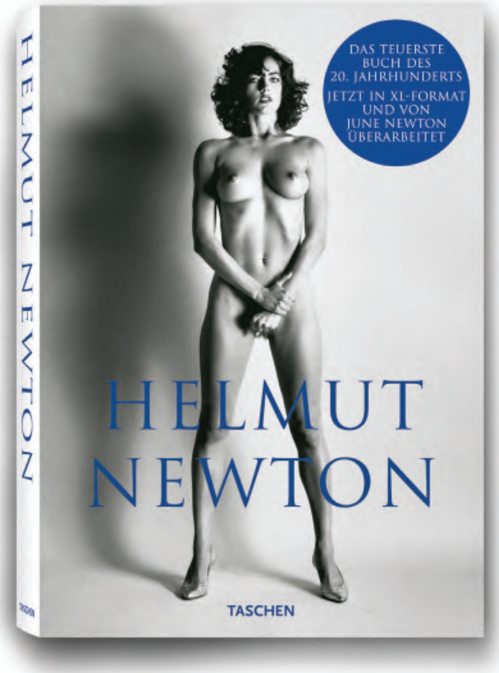
On a Lightworship set, communication is key: "My models have a pretty good idea of what to expect before they show up. As we work, I am talking to them while I am pushing them to their limits. Oh sure, during the shoot they may scream, 'I hate you!' But by the end of the shoot they know they can trust me and want to work with me again."

What kind of depravity does a fetish photographer like Victor enjoy in his free time? Growing rare species of orchids. "It is much more difficult to get an orchid to bloom than it is to get a girl to take off her clothes!" he says.

—Cris Devine

For more, visit:
Lightworship.com.
Be on the lookout for Victor
Lightworship's new book
Strictly Bondage from
Goliath Books.

“GUNILLA BERGSTROM, PARIS 1976“
BY HELMUT NEWTON


HELMUT NEWTON
DAS TEUERSTE BUCH DES 20. JAHRHUNDERTS JETZT IN XL-FORMAT UND VON JUNE NEWTON ÜBERARBEITET
HELMUT NEWTON
TASCHEN

continued from page 78 >>

that is first visualized in your mind and then created with your hands to evoke an emotion or response from others. Porngraphy qualifies. ‘Can it be good art?’ is perhaps the question we need to ask ourselves. Once again I say yes, it can, but it is not happening very often.”

Do celebrities like Kanye West and Madonna help the cause? “I think if you’re marketing or selling fashion and porn, a celebrity presence can certainly grab people’s attention,” says Lit. “But in the case of fashion and porn merging as art, it’s more about the erotic imagery than anything else.”

Adds Lightworship, “When a porn with Amanda Seyfried receiving a Cleveland Steamer shows up, gimme a call. Otherwise I could care less.”

Our cultural environment is now so pornified, hardcore studies are taught in colleges. “We are living in a fantastic age where porn falls from the sky and is accessible wherever you are whenever you want it,” Lightworship says. “Every little girl’s idol and role model has a sex tape out, and I think people are relaxing about it a lot.”

In Lit’s opinion, “Porn has always tried to creep its way into mainstream society and has been successful to a certain degree, but I think all of the pornographic trash on the Web has just turned people off.”

Porn can be art, but good art may be another story. That leaves a niche of artistic tease for celebs and purveyors of pop culture to exploit.

High fashion has always been associated with status. Now pornography is conquering some of that territory. Don’t expect the next Kanye West video to look like the love child of Fashion Week and *Teen Anal Orgy*. But as long as both sex and status sell, the two worlds will feed off each other—and the endless power of sex will compel us to watch.

Love Me, Love My Mom

Interview by Mark Johnson

Deep in the heart of the Sunshine State lives a very happy family with a very dirty secret. Meet the Sexxxtons.

HUSTLER: Are you really mother and daughter?

JESSICA (MOTHER): Yes, we're real!

How long have you been teaming up?

About a year. We were both shooting porn. We just weren't doing it together. It was actually Monica's idea.

That must have been an interesting conversation.

Well, we needed money. She told me she understood there was a big call for mature women in porn. Then a producer suggested we work together and—

MONICA (DAUGHTER): We agreed!

Are you happy you started working together?

JESSICA: Yes, we're happy. The money's been good and getting better. (*Laughs.*) We like working together.

Incest laws still exist in Florida, right?

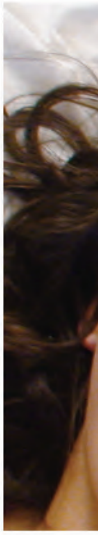
Well, of course there are restrictions, but we don't worry about that because we do not interact with each other at all. We don't even touch each other.

Tell us about your first scene together.

It was very uncomfortable because it was something we had never done before. It felt funny at first.

How was it for you, Monica?

MONICA: A little uncomfortable because it is my mom, and we were sharing a partner. But probably after ten minutes we were like, "It's okay." We had done a lot of shooting beforehand and watched each other shoot before, so it wasn't a big deal. It still felt kind of funny though. >>



PHOTOS COURTESY THE SEXXXTONS

Has doing porn together changed the family?

Our family relationship is the same it's always been. We actually go on more trips together now.

How big is the family?

JESSICA: It's just the three of us: myself, Monica and my son.

Does your son want to get involved?

MONICA: No, he's a virgin and doesn't want his first experience to be a porn-related one.

When you're doing a scene together, do you ever feel tempted to get intimate?

JESSICA: Not at all.

MONICA: No, we never desire each other. Our love for each other is purely mother-daughter love. The only reason we got into this was for the money, not because we have any attraction towards each other.

What's the best thing about it?

Definitely the money, but it's a lot of fun because it's like being a movie star. And to be doing it with my mom is just, like, double cool.

There must be low points, right?

JESSICA: Tell him about Roach Guy.

MONICA: Oh, goodness gracious! We did this one scene where it was mother, daughter, father and son. You know the cockroach guy from the *Men in Black* movie? For the father they booked a guy that looked just like him!

JESSICA: Talked like him!

MONICA: His mouth did the same "err rawr rawr rawr" kind of thing. It was really bad.

You went through with it?

Yeah, we were troupers! But we made him use a condom because we didn't like the way he looked at all.

Ever have any problems from the neighbors?

Nobody knows what we do. If they ever found out, it would be kind of sad. We don't look like the type of mother and daughter that would be doing porn. So when people meet us, they're like, "Oh, they're normal. They would never do anything like that." We're very good at hiding our secret life.

If other moms and daughters are thinking about doing porn together, would you say go ahead?

For us it was easy, but we have a special kind of relationship that I rarely find in other mother/daughters. We are very close because of the things we've been through in our lives. Even when we have an argument, it only lasts about five minutes. And then we're crying and, like, "I'm so sorry! I love you." But if you don't have that kind of relationship, you might not survive it. We could make it through the apocalypse!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

FINDING HER INNER SLUT

NELLA JAY

OmniMags.net

Recently granted a divorce from her cheating hubby, Alice (**Nella Jay**) had time to take on a hobby. She experimented with bowling, studied the Scrabble dictionary and even dabbled in witchcraft. But nothing seemed like a good fit until the wallflower went out to eat one night and overheard a couple of women talking excitedly about their sexual escapades. Alice decided to become a slut.

Her first stop was the library, where Alice hoped to bone up on the subject. While she was perusing a scholarly essay on the intricacies of “doggy-style,” a timid librarian (**Lee Stone**) approached her. Seeing an opportunity to apply what she’d learned, Alice lured him back to her apartment.

It was awkward at first, seeing as how the geeky guy was still a virgin, but his horny tutor showed a lot of patience. By the end of their fuck session, Alice was convinced that she’d found her new calling. So was the naive librarian.

“What do you call this thing we just did?” he asked.

“Being a total slut,” Alice replied.

“I like it,” he said. “I think I’ll become a slut too.”

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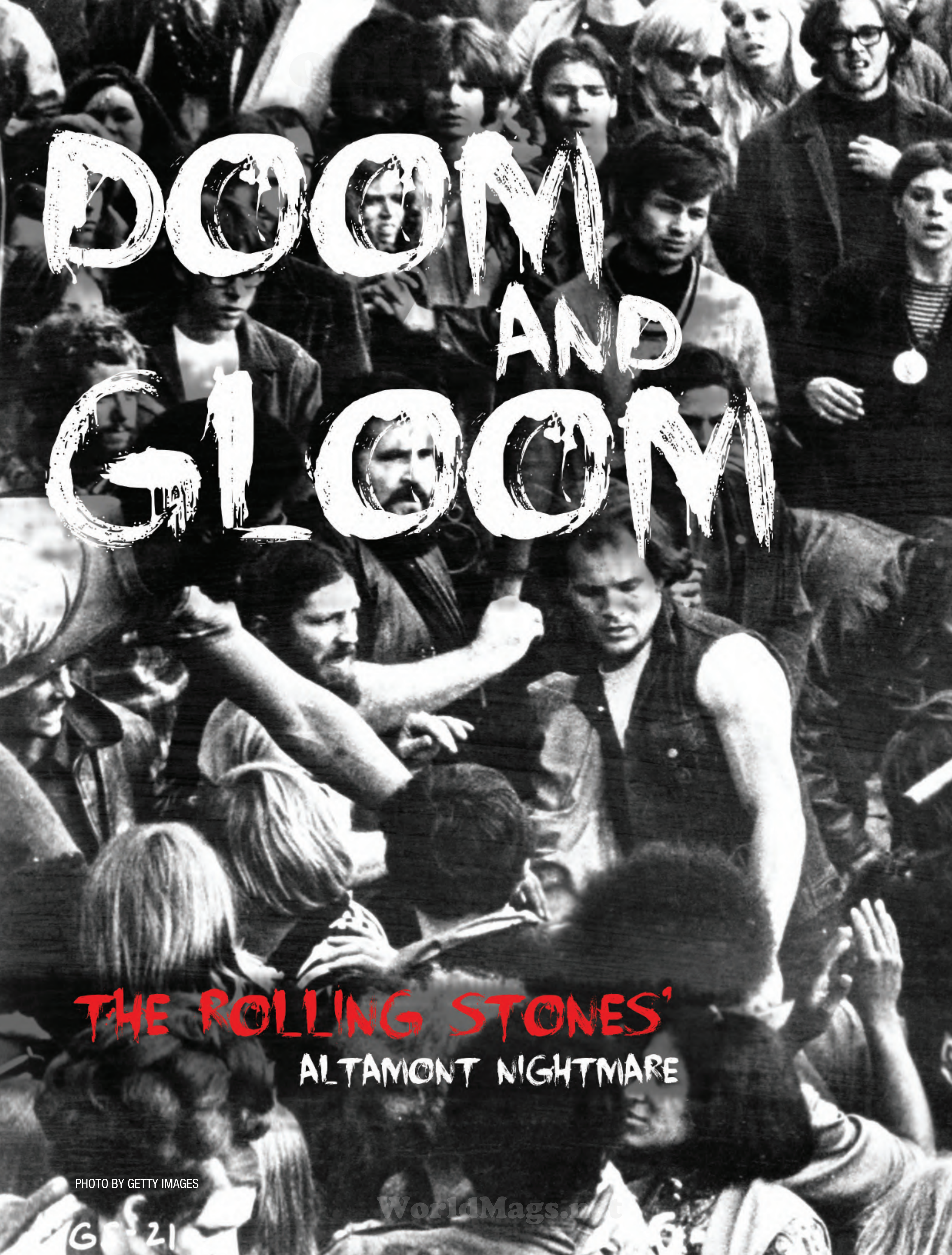
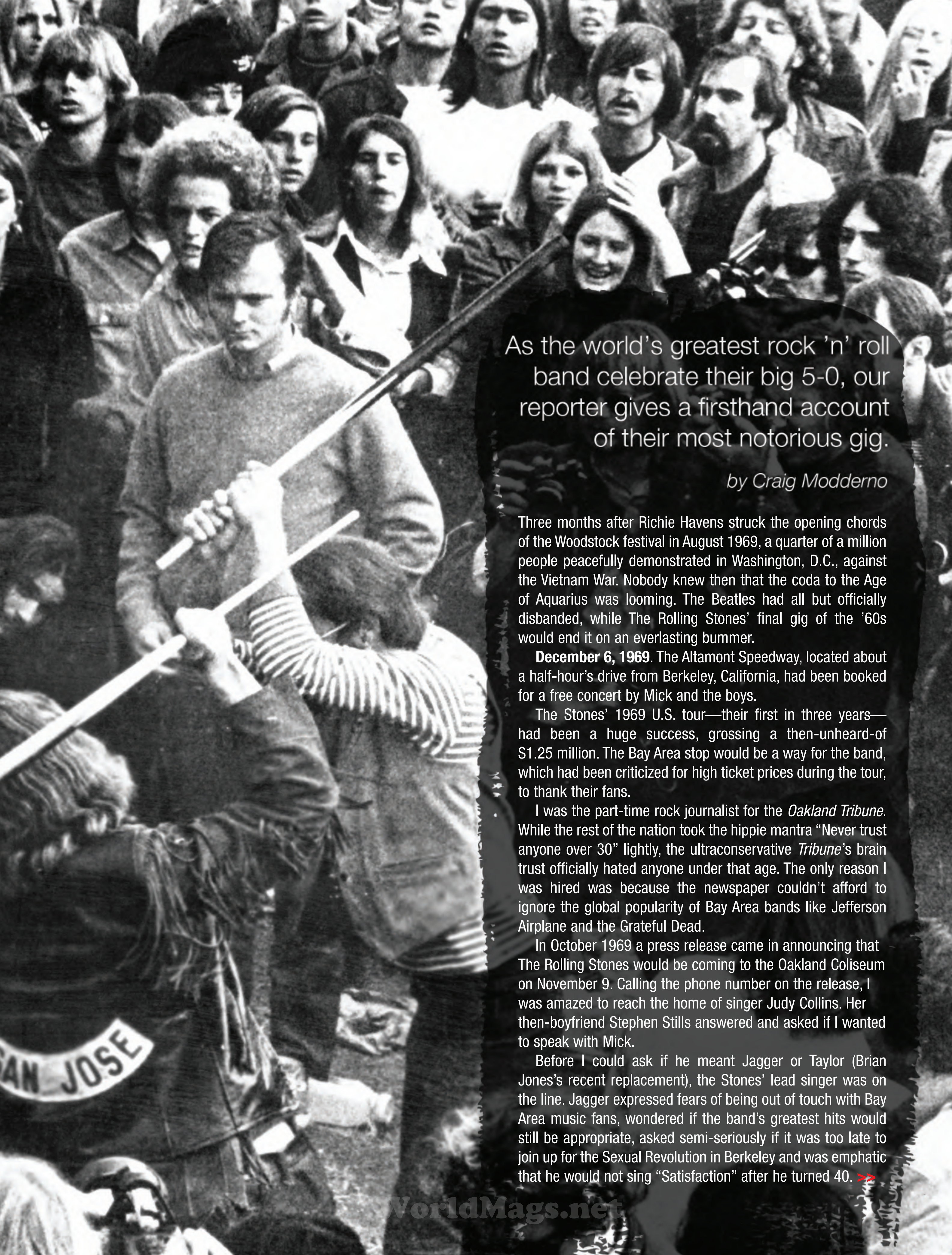


THE ROLLING STONES' ALTAMONT NIGHTMARE

PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES



As the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band celebrate their big 5-0, our reporter gives a firsthand account of their most notorious gig.

by Craig Modderno

Three months after Richie Havens struck the opening chords of the Woodstock festival in August 1969, a quarter of a million people peacefully demonstrated in Washington, D.C., against the Vietnam War. Nobody knew then that the coda to the Age of Aquarius was looming. The Beatles had all but officially disbanded, while The Rolling Stones' final gig of the '60s would end it on an everlasting bummer.

December 6, 1969. The Altamont Speedway, located about a half-hour's drive from Berkeley, California, had been booked for a free concert by Mick and the boys.

The Stones' 1969 U.S. tour—their first in three years—had been a huge success, grossing a then-unheard-of $1.25 million. The Bay Area stop would be a way for the band, which had been criticized for high ticket prices during the tour, to thank their fans.

I was the part-time rock journalist for the *Oakland Tribune*. While the rest of the nation took the hippie mantra "Never trust anyone over 30" lightly, the ultraconservative *Tribune*'s brain trust officially hated anyone under that age. The only reason I was hired was because the newspaper couldn't afford to ignore the global popularity of Bay Area bands like Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead.

In October 1969 a press release came in announcing that The Rolling Stones would be coming to the Oakland Coliseum on November 9. Calling the phone number on the release, I was amazed to reach the home of singer Judy Collins. Her then-boyfriend Stephen Stills answered and asked if I wanted to speak with Mick.

Before I could ask if he meant Jagger or Taylor (Brian Jones's recent replacement), the Stones' lead singer was on the line. Jagger expressed fears of being out of touch with Bay Area music fans, wondered if the band's greatest hits would still be appropriate, asked semi-seriously if it was too late to join up for the Sexual Revolution in Berkeley and was emphatic that he would not sing "Satisfaction" after he turned 40.

>>

"If I don't have satisfaction by the time I've reached 40," joked the then-26-year-old, "then I'm never going to get any!" Jagger was also worried that Bay Area antiwar protesters would mock the band's revolutionary credentials. "'Street Fighting Man' has great guitar work," he said. "But if you listen to the lyrics, it's about someone who can't or is too afraid to join the revolution in sleepy London town."

Later, meeting with reporters, the head Stone—a graduate of the London School of Economics—mostly wanted feedback about whether the band had charged too much for tickets. On their 1969 tour the Stones charged $450 for the best seats; resellers got four figures.

Even though the Altamont festival wasn't officially announced until December 5, the same day their album *Let It Bleed* hit the streets, local radio provided updates on the rumored event's location as it was switched from Golden Gate Park to any big site where permits could be quickly issued.

On the morning of December 6, a Saturday, hippies were hitchhiking to Altamont, cars were finding parking spots on the speedway's dusty hillside, and vendors were hawking the drugs of fashion. People kept coming as Santana opened the show, followed by Crosby, Stills & Nash.

In the years since, there have been reports that the performers felt an ominous undercurrent, but all seemed right in the universe—at least near the stage, where I was standing.

Then came Jefferson Airplane, founders of the San Francisco psychedelic scene. During their set, lead singer Marty Balin suddenly jumped off the stage to help an African-American fan being harassed by a Hells Angel. The drunken biker then turned around and punched Balin, knocking him unconscious.

Suddenly it dawned on almost everyone near or on the small stage that the Hells Angels (whom Stones manager Sam Cutler had hired with the approval of the Grateful Dead) were the festival's security detail. Granted, the Stones had used Hells Angels as guards during a free concert in London's Hyde Park earlier that year, but there was a drastic difference between the motorcycle gang's Oakland chapter and its more peaceful counterpart in Britain. While the Angels had always been in line with the carefree Deadheads at Bay Area concerts (the Dead often were touted as the bikers' favorite band), Altamont was overflowing with high-school and college kids who'd only seen the violent bikers in films like Roger Corman's *The Wild Angels*, a relatively benign grindhouse flick.

As the Airplane quickly left the stage with a bloody Balin in tow, the sun began to set, and the atmosphere abruptly deteriorated. There was a feeling of panic in the crowd. At that point the Angels' favorite weapon of choice seemed to be pool cues, seen everywhere in the unflinching Altamont documentary *Gimme Shelter*. The Angels, who allegedly got 100 cases of beer as payment for their services, were more intent on protecting their Harleys than the performers. But who was there to protect the mellow crowd and film crew situated near the stage from the drunk, violent, hippie-hating Angels?

The Flying Burrito Brothers were setting up their equipment when I noticed Michelle Phillips of The Mamas & The Papas standing nearby. With her long blond hair, tight jeans and sparkling eyes, Phillips looked like the quintessential California golden girl. Look at the cover of any early Mamas & Papas album, and you'll understand why she was every teenage boy's fantasy back then.

I ventured onto the stage—which was very

PHOTOS BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

low, almost a large platform—and began asking Ms. Phillips questions. She was kind enough to placate my boyish charm without asking me why I was too nervous to remove the reporter's notebook from my shirt pocket.

My dreamlike state was abruptly interrupted when a Hells Angel grabbed Phillips and tried to throw her off the stage. Yanking her arm back, the angry singer pointed at Burrito Brother Gram Parsons, shouting that he was her boyfriend and that his band would cut out if "you assholes don't disappear." After a brief pause—long enough for me to see my life flashing before my eyes—the burly Angel looked down at Phillips and said, with gruff respect, "You got big balls for a little lady!"

I started to realize my assigned "concert review" had potential to become a major news story. But the nearest phone was miles away, and leaving the area would most likely mean missing the Stones, who were due onstage after the Flying Burritos.

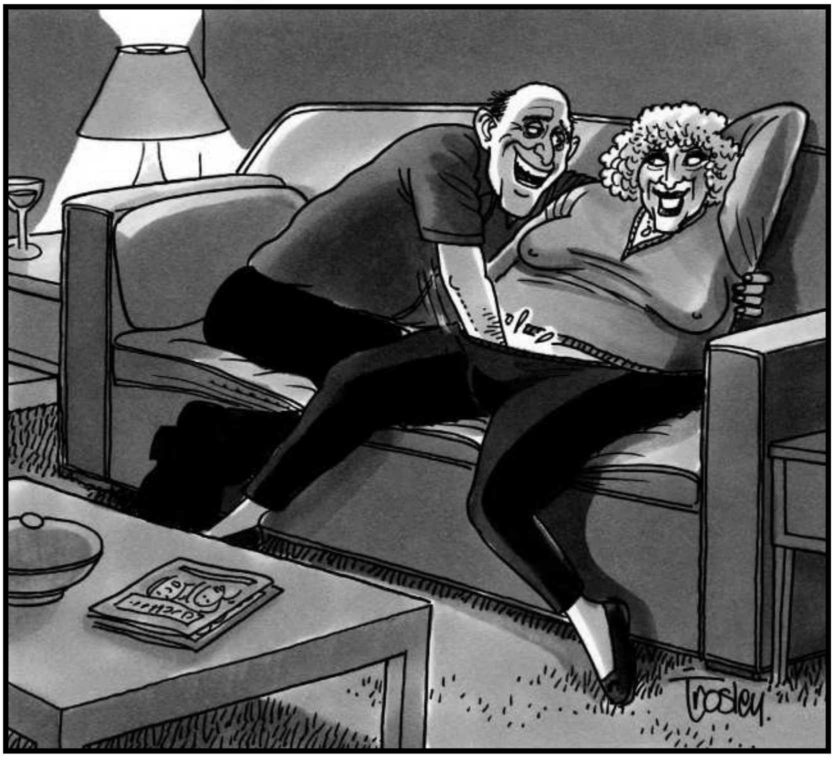
As other Hells Angels decided to play policemen—an irony that would become a deadly omen—they began shoving offstage anyone who didn't look like a member of the Stones or Grateful Dead. Things were definitely turning violent. Santana organist Gregg Rolie and conga player Michael Carabello suddenly picked me up by each arm and lifted me into their equipment truck, which was parked adjacent to the stage. They shut the doors, and the three of us quietly holed up for more than an hour, mumbling a curse whenever the Hells Angels' threats aimed at the crowd outside became too loud to ignore.

Santana—along with Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead and Big Brother & the Holding Company with their mesmerizing lead singer Janis Joplin—had helped create the music-love-peace vibe that was now being aborted at Altamont Speedway. "We have met the enemy, and he is us," said one of the musicians inside the truck.

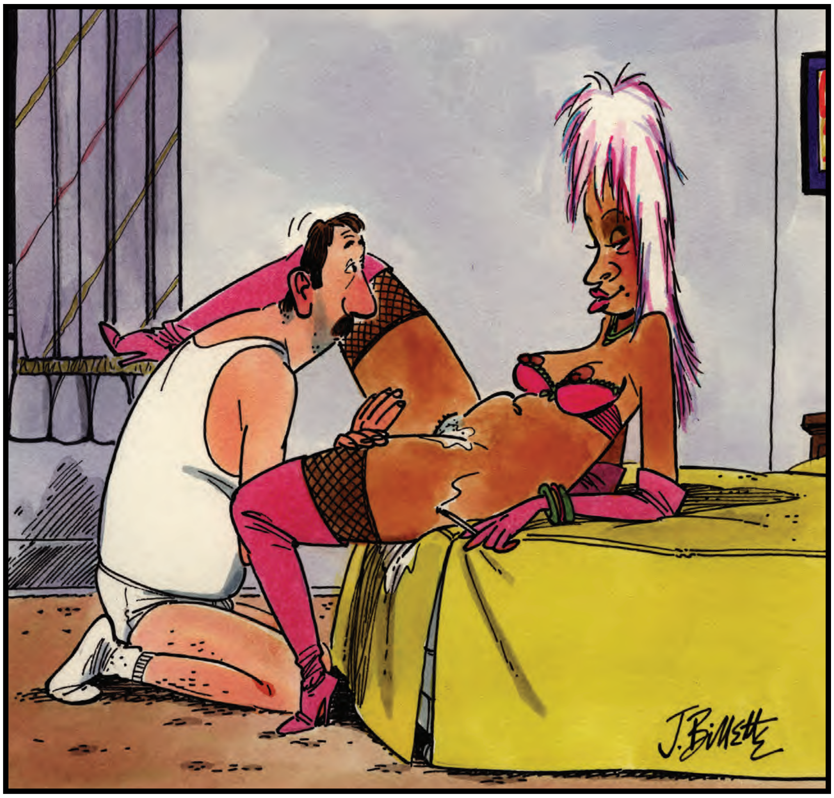
When the Stones finally came on, it had grown dark and cold, but the crowd greeted the band with an enthusiastic roar. The Angels shifted their attention from the few people, myself included, now standing at the back of the stage to the student and hippie types moving toward the front. While Jagger may have been stoned, he quickly surveyed the situation and looked scared. He was closer to the Angels than he was to his bandmates.

There's a shot in *Gimme Shelter* in which a Hells Angel stares intently at Jagger, who was wearing a half-red, half-black shirt and bright-gold pants—clearly not the dress code of a motorcycle gang! The Angel's expression indicated that Jagger was the person he'd like to beat up—or worse. Some of the bikers surrounding the singer were overheard uttering the word *faggot.* Watching the other Angels hovering around the stage, it soon became apparent that few of them had ever heard the Stones' music before.

Meanwhile, Jagger was having a difficult time getting his rhythm. Being closest to the crowd, he could see the Angels shoving and confronting people. After a couple of pleas to "Be cool, brothers and sisters," Jagger was confronted not by a Hells Angel but by a bandmate: Keith Richards poked his finger hard in Jagger's chest and shouted, "Just keep singing and dancing 'cause that's



"Ohhhh, God…I love the feel of your pubic hair…your soft pussy lips…the warm piss in your adult diaper!"



"You best like licking soupy pussy, sugar.
You is my 25th trick today!"

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what you're here to do!" Then Richards pushed the stunned singer aside, grabbed the microphone and yelled, "Cool it or you ain't gonna hear no more fuckin' music!"

Almost immediately, the Stones launched into "Under My Thumb." At that point, Meredith Hunter—the 18-year-old black man who pulled a gun and was stabbed by a Hells Angel near the stage—was probably already dead. (Three other concertgoers would later be reported dead from unrelated accidents.) Jagger rolled into spirited renditions of "Brown Sugar" and "Midnight Rambler," he and his fellow Stones trying to play through the chaos in front of them.

Few people know or remember that the Grateful Dead were scheduled to precede the Stones on that dank December night. Standing next to me at the back of the stage were Dead guitarist Bob Weir and bassist Phil Lesh. Behind me was a freaked-out Jerry Garcia, who mumbled, "It's the end of an era, man. Everything we worked so hard for is gone." As we talked, the four of us were unaware that someone had been killed about 30 feet in front of us. Nevertheless, seeing the shocked looks on people's faces and their animated reactions, we suspected something was wrong.

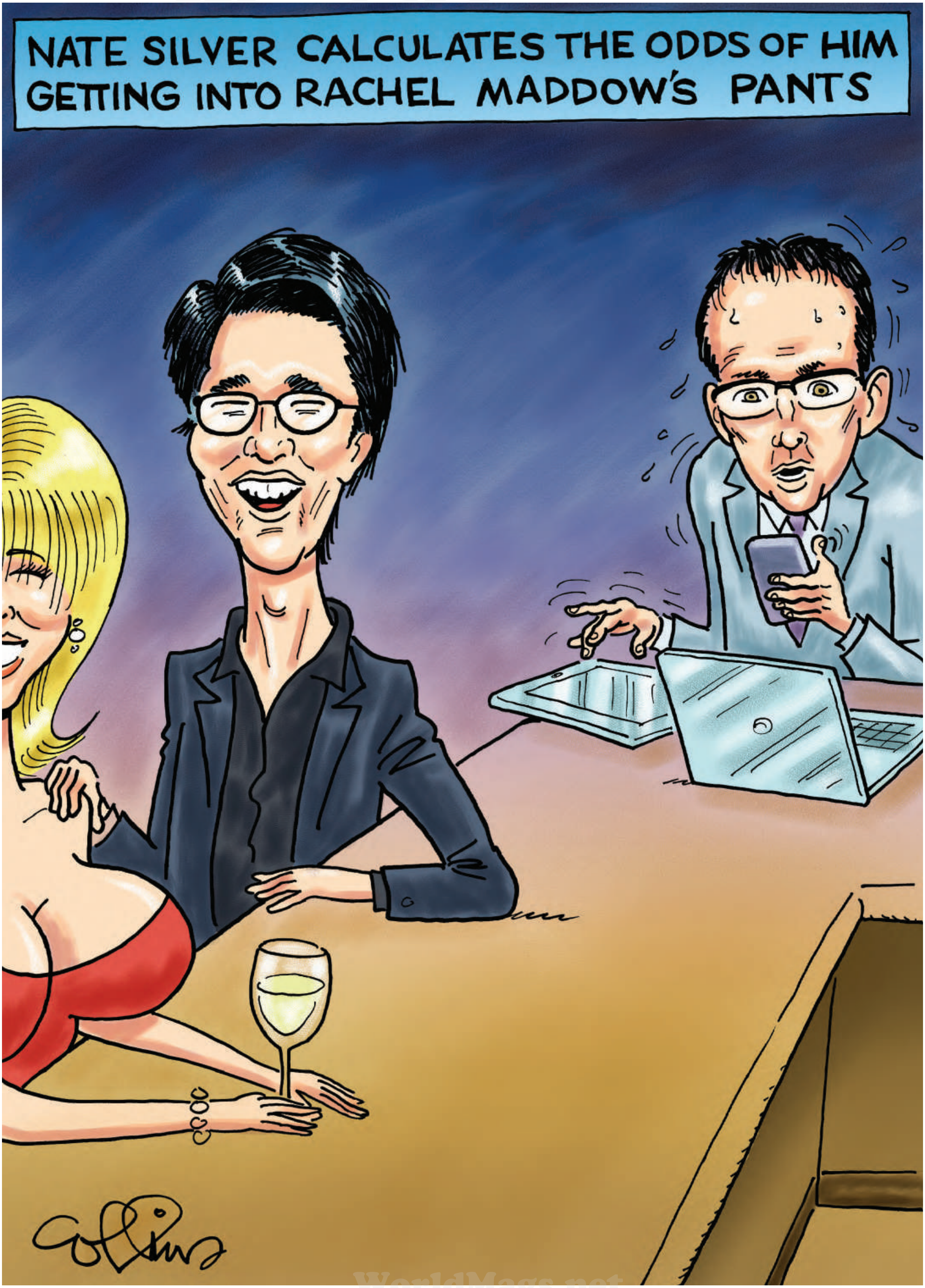
"It's over, man. It never should have gotten to this," Lesh said, shaking his head in anger as Weir briefly dropped his head in sadness. Neither objected when the visibly upset Garcia hurriedly departed. After listening to a few more songs, Lesh and Weir split before the Stones' set ended, walking past the band's equipment and two Hells Angels who didn't seem to recognize them.

As documented in *Gimme Shelter*, Hells Angel Sonny Barger slammed "that idiot" Jagger in a radio interview days after Altamont. "I ain't no cop," he snarled. "Mick Jagger put it all on the Angels, man. He used us for dupes." As for the fans, Barger said "they got got," after "they started messin' over our bikes."

Years later, Jagger conceded that the Stones "were partly to blame" for allowing the concert to be badly organized.

Over the years, so many people claimed they were at Woodstock, it seems like everyone who was under 30 was there. But even though the Altamont concert reportedly attracted more than 300,000 fans, few, if any, ever brag of their presence at the nightmare that came to be known as "the hippie apocalypse."

Craig Modderno has written for the *Washington Post*, *Rolling Stone*, *USA Today*, the *New York Times* and other publications. He is coauthor of the book *I'll Be in My Trailer: The Creative Wars Between Actors and Directors*.


NATE SILVER CALCULATES THE ODDS OF HIM GETTING INTO RACHEL MADDOW'S PANTS

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

DEMI CAPRI

Up for "a new experience," this 18-year-old server from Denton, Texas, has served up a juicy peek that her customers can only dream of. "I like taking food orders *and* being told what to do in bed," confides Demi Capri, whose culinary tastes are capped by Mexican cuisine and sushi. "When it comes to sex, I'm very passionate, but I'm also spicy, adventurous and unpredictable. I love having sex in strange places, like by a lake and on hiking trails." The 5-foot-8 newbie (whose unpeculiar interests include photography, skateboarding, swimming, volleyball, softball and the alt-metal band Chevelle) definitely has amorous mettle. "I want to be fucked while skydiving." —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I've flashed my tits for a few drivers, but it's way more exciting letting guys see all of me naked."

"My fantasy is to have sex while scuba diving naked in Key Largo."

MAGDALENA

Back for a magnificent encore is Port Orange, Florida's Magdalena, 22, a nail specialist who's as resolute as she is stunning. "Being in *Beaver Hunt* [October '12] was fulfilling and vindicating," the 5-foot-4 "goofball" declares. "I went from being the girl nobody asked to the prom to the girl that many readers have probably jerked off to. I'm proud of posing nude and sharing my pics with the world. I'll never regret this." Nor will we regret rehashing Magdalena's virtues that are more ribald than her fondness of video games, fishing, crocheting, playing the piano, cooking and keeping a home spotless: "I'm a perv. I enjoy vulgar humor, masturbating to big-tit lesbian porn and being kinky with toys, ropes and other sexual delights in the privacy of my dimly lit bedroom. And I can expertly deep-throat a hard, throbbing cock!" —*Photos by Pearls & Pumps, LLC*

BEAVER HUNT
SPOTLIGHT

TAYLOR

This “sweet, compassionate and self-confident” denizen of Pflugerville, Texas, digs the Italian flick *Cinema Paradiso*, singer Norah Jones and the classic novel *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë. But Taylor, 24, especially adores being bare. “The opportunity to be in HUSTLER presented itself, and I gladly jumped on it,” the 5-foot-4 exotic dancer reveals. “I think my husband is kinda turned on by the idea of my giving guys a great tease and leaving them wanting more.” Here’s more hot stuff: “I’m a fun person to spend time with. I love making out, never knowing where the passionate kisses are going to take us. Will it be an awesome cuddle session or fuck-me time? When it comes to sex, I’m pretty aggressive. I’m not afraid to let it be known when I want it, and I love to be thrown around a bit in the bedroom.” Taylor sure has a tasty fantasy: “I’m hankering to go out to dinner with my guy, then sneak under the tablecloth when no one is looking and go down on him.” —*Photos by Ron Neumann*

“I enjoy using vibrators anally and small butt plugs, but I like to keep it light.”

“One amorous talent of mine is that I am capable of completely undressing a man with nothing but my teeth.”

Facebook.com/Taylor.Rebekah.9

“I really enjoy getting naked. It gives hardworking guys—and some girls—a way to forget about their hectic lives.”

GINGER MAE

“I believe the female body is a beautiful work of art that is meant to be viewed and shared,” professes this “adventurous, intelligent, outgoing and ambitious” stripper from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. “As for sharing *my* body with others, there is no better medium than Larry Flynt’s HUSTLER Magazine. I love being naked in private and in public. If you’re ever at a rock quarry in upper Michigan, where I grew up, you might catch me skinny-dipping.” Ginger Mae, 24, now dives into her private life: “I’m a closet geek/tomboy at heart, so I like working on cars and motorcycles. I also work out quite a bit. It chills my intense nature and keeps this gift I’ve been given looking good. My favorite TV show is *Sons of Anarchy*—Tara is so badass!—and I’m all about hard rock and heavy-metal music. What else can you dance to while taking your clothes off?” Venturing to what gets her off, the 5-foot-7 Badger Stater avows, “I’m bi-curious and open to different things—like surprising my guy with a girl almost as pretty as me. The less scripted the better. My favorite positions are the ones that happen spontaneously. Let’s face it. When you’re in the moment, anything can happen.” Even buttfucking? “*Hmmm*, I know what HUSTLER’s wonderful readers want me to say,” Ginger Mae acknowledges. “But honestly, I’m pretty much a virgin back there. Maybe someday!” In the meantime the aspiring phlebotomist assuages us with a fantasy: “It involves two other girls and myself on a moonlit beach. While the waves roll over our naked bodies, I go down on one of the chicks while the other tongues me from behind.” —*Photos by DavidKPhotos.com*

“When I watch someone going down on me, it doesn’t take me long to reach full-on ecstasy.”

“There’s no better way to be noticed than to submit pics to my favorite porn mag—HUSTLER!”

JASMINE

“I’m a wild-as-hell, honest, kinky and caring nonconformist,” reckons Jasmine BlueXXX, 29, a “huge HUSTLER fan” from Atlanta, Georgia. “My hobbies are reading, writing, painting, watching horror movies and porn, listening to metal—Skinless, Misfits, Cradle of Filth, Bloodbath—shooting my Glock, throwing darts, playing pool, drinking, partying and having lots of fun, especially in bed.” On that cue the 5-foot-2 bondage buff trumpets, “I’m aggressive, seductive and extremely passionate. I love fucking tall, muscular, tattooed guys who aren’t assholes, sucking dick with gusto, seducing pretty girls and eating the fuck out of their cunts. Men just don’t get into foreplay as much as women do. Yes, you must preheat the oven before you cook the pie.” Jasmine cooks up a superfantasy: “I’d love for my wifey, Ruby Violence, and I to fucking tag-team Sam and Dean Winchester from *Supernatural*.” *—Photos by Friend*

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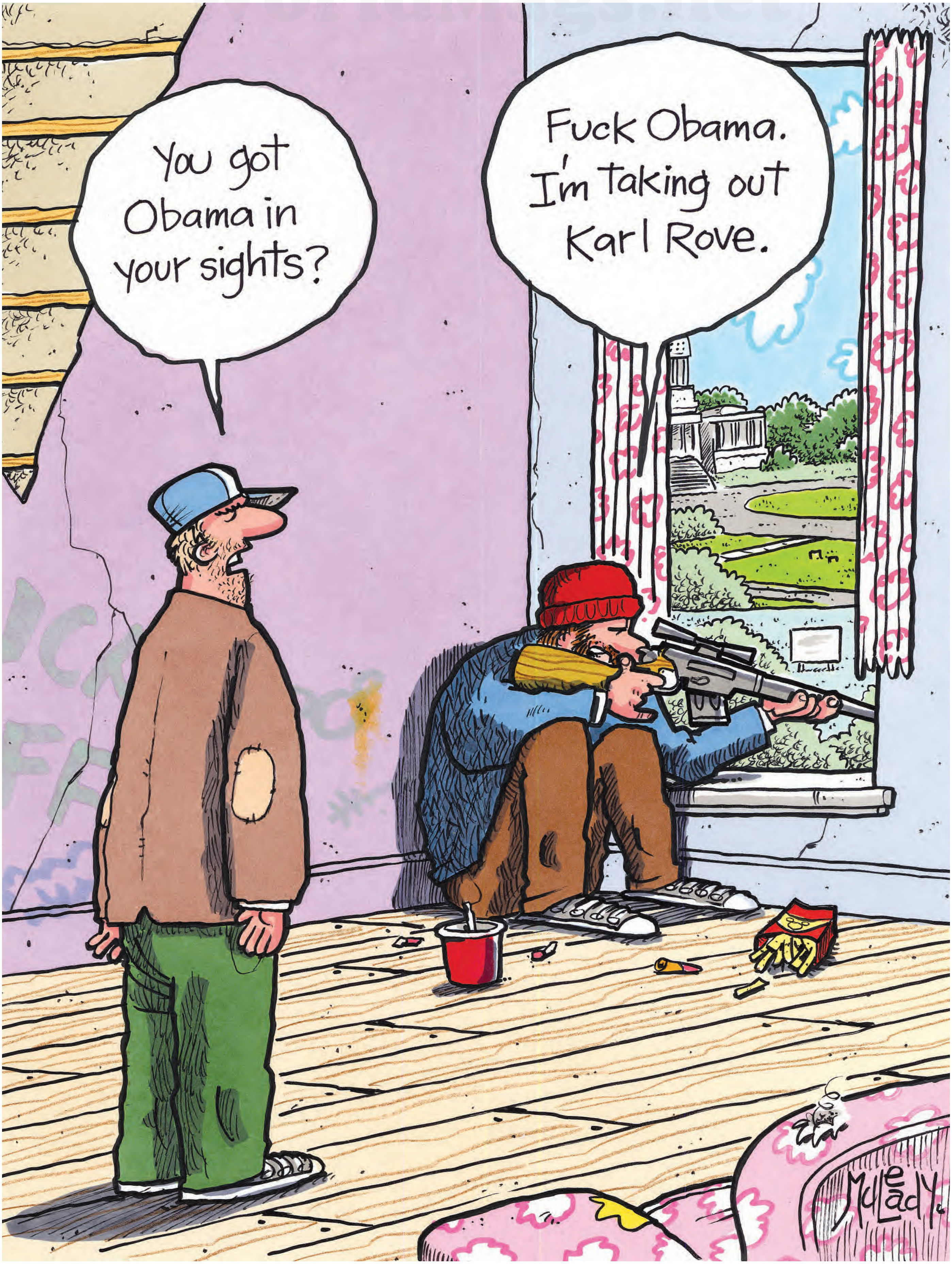
You got Obama in your sights?
Fuck Obama. I'm taking out Karl Rove.

HUSTLER
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THE GENERAL GOES ALL IN

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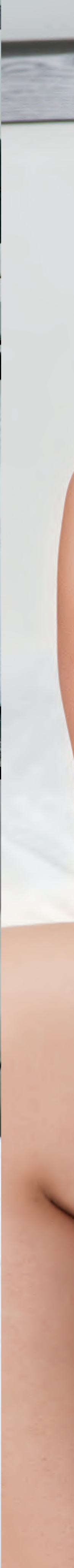
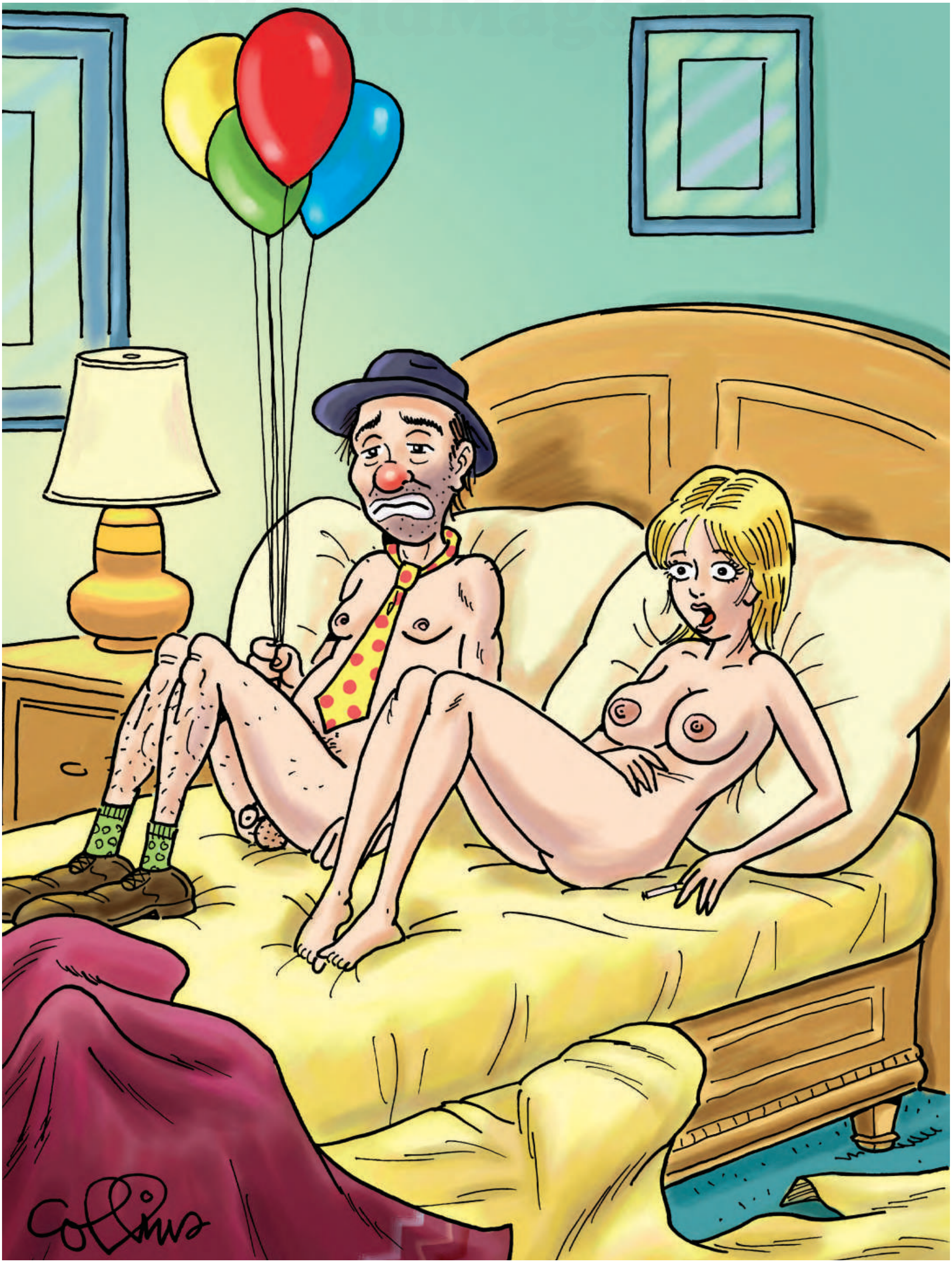


Just a few months ago, David Petraeus was the well-regarded director of the CIA and possibly a future Presidential candidate. He was famous enough that a much younger woman wanted to write a book about him. But then it came to light that the retired four-star general was rattling his skin saber inside the wordsmith's scabbard. After that disclosure, Petraeus's career unraveled faster than Sarah Palin ejaculates when she sees a photograph of Ronald Reagan.

In HUSTLER's reimagining of the general's scandalous fall from grace, Petraeus (**Evan Stone**) convinces his biographer Paula (**Kimberly Kane**) that he'll be more open about his life if she opens up her snatch. Paula, though, isn't sated by Petraeus's all-out vaginal assault. In a surprising twist, she ends up bedding down for some box-munching with a Petraeus family friend named Jill (**Lola Foxx**). Concerned that this sticky web of sexual deceit will ruin them all, Jill pays a visit to trusted pal General Allen (**Eric Masterson**).

Like any military man worth his stripes would do, he persuades the bi babe to stop worrying and love the cock.

World



"It was fun at first, but then it ended up kind of sad."

BEACH BALL

CHA CHA

FEBRUARY 1987
HUSTLER
CLASSIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

Cha Cha is certainly lovely to look at, a classic California beauty. But there's more here than meets the eye. She's a multifaceted woman who's studied everything from music to psychology. **Cha Cha** has made a living in a variety of ways, from teaching handicapped children to professional mud wrestling to exotic dancing at a cabaret in the San Fernando Valley. "I'd love to be a professional singer someday," **Cha Cha** says. "I figure I can do anything I set my mind to."

WorldMag.net

RAHYNDEE JAMES

COMING NEXT

LARRY FLYNT: LANDMARK INTERVIEW

To mark the 25th anniversary of *HUSTLER Magazine* v. *Falwell*, Larry Flynt fields hard-hitting questions from journalist Robert Scheer. One of the most compelling topics is the continued importance of the landmark Supreme Court decision and its influence on attitudes toward obscenity and on the transformation of pornography since then. In this seminal dialogue, Mr. Flynt also discusses his personal views on everything from social justice to his love of women, revealing a side of himself that the public has never seen.

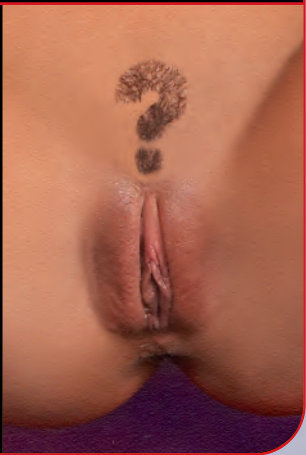
GOING DOWN ON "A MORE PERFECT UNION"

During HUSTLER's first 39 years of existence, good and evil have been fighting for superiority in a chaotic, deceitful world. But who wouldn't want to see that conflict personified by a pair of ravenous hotties? Don't miss what ensues as a heavenly blonde and devilish brunette turn a verbal catfight into one helluva sexcapade. Will the American Way prevail, or is the shebang just a couple of cautionary tails? You the people decide!

HEARTLAND FLESHORAMA

If you want to feast your eyes on dozens of hot chicks stripping in the great outdoors, there's only one place to go: Roselawn, Indiana's Ponderosa Sun Club. For more than 30 years it's hosted the world-famous Nudes-a-Poppin'—a pageant filled with girls wearing only smiles and entry numbers. You'll be poppin' as you gaze upon lensman David Kemp's titillating photos, which capture the competitors—including a recent HUSTLER covergirl—in all their glory.

GUESS WHO WON OUR 1ST STROKERS AWARD



Back in our December '12 issue, we invited readers to vote for their favorite XXX goddess. Eighteen succulent A-listers appeared on the official ballot, but write-in candidates had an equal chance to garner a prestigious honor and photo-laced profile. The response was overwhelming, there were more lead changes than in a NASCAR race, and one sexy siren ultimately prevailed. Don't miss our upcoming issue as we crown your porn star of the year.

The July '13 issue goes on sale April 16, 2013. Visit our website at HustlerMagazine.com.